



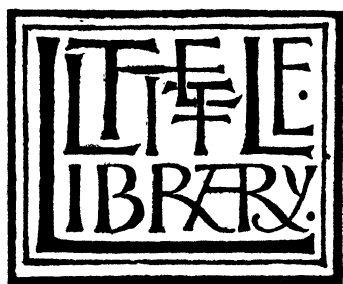
SANTINIKETAN
LIBRARY

Class No... 821.98.

Author No.... L.72.

Shelf No.....

Accession No.. 14.01.





A LITTLE BOOK
OF
ENGLISH
LYRICS

WITH A FRONTISPIECE

By W. E. F. BRITTEN

LONDON
METHUEN & CO.
36 ESSEX STREET, W.C.
MDCCC

CONTENTS

	Page
'Description of Spring	1
A Vow to love faithfully, howsoever he be rewarded	2
Love's Spring	2
Prothalamion	3
With how sad Steps	9
Sleep	10
My true Love hath my Heart	10
A reasonable Service	11
My Mind to me a Kingdom is	11
Cards and Kisses	13
Lancelot, Eremite	14
Sephestia's Song to her Child	14
Contempt	15
Come live with me	16
Rosaline	17
Rosalynd's Madrigal	19
The burning Babe	20
Exegi Monumentum	21
When in Disgrace	22
Thought's Sessions	23
Envoy	23
Time's Changes	24
Time's Thefts	25
Time's Conqueror	25
The Time is out of joint	26
When I am dead	26
Too dear	27
Not Passion's Slave	28
Absence	28
Since first I saw you	29
Dreaming on Things to come	29
Death to me subscribes	30

	Page
My Home of Love	31
Love's not Time's Fool	31
Poor Soul	32
Love's Blindness	33
On a Day	33
In Praise of the Owl and the Cuckoo	34
Who is Silvia	36
Love's Birth	36
Crabbed Age and Youth	37
Sigh no more, Ladies	37
Under the Greenwood 'Tree	38
Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind	39
It was a Lover and his Lass	40
A love Song	40
Song	41
When that I was and a little tiny Boy	42
Take, O, take those Lips away	43
Hark, hark, the Lark	43
Fidele's Dirge	43
When Daffodils begin to peer	44
Road Song	45
Sea Music	45
A Dirge	46
Where the Bee sucks	46
'The Parting'	46
An Ode	47
A sweet Lullaby	48
Phillida and Corydon	50
A Passion of my Lord of Essex	51
A Wish	51
Spring	51
Content	52
Weep you no more	53
Since first I saw your Face	53
Ye little Birds	54
Pack, clouds, away	55
Vanitas Vanitatum	56
To Diana	57
Simplicity	58
It is not growing like a Tree	59
Epitaph on the Countess Dowager of Pembroke	59

CONTENTS

vii

	Page
To Celia	59
The Sunflower's Love	60
Devotion	61
The Wooing	62
Lines	62
Integer Vitae	63
Love's Cruelty	64
• Day and Night	65
Jack and Joan	65
The good Wife	66
Love's Trials	67
Cherry Ripe	68
Love me or not	69
Madrigal	69
Lovers' Lore	70
A Dirge	70
Omnia Vanitas	71
Meditation	71
Sic Vita	72
Aspatia's Song	73
In the Spring	73
Weep no more	74
In Praise of Melancholy	74
The Character of a happy Life	75
On his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia	76
A Lament for his Friend	77
His Pilgrimage	78
Time	79
Phoebus, arise	80
Madrigal	81
For the Baptist	82
The Book of the World	82
The World's Injustice	83
The hardy Lover	84
Madrigal	85
Calantha's Dirge	86
Disdain defied	86
Give me more Love	87
Love will find out the Way	87
An excellent new Ballad	89
The Best Beloved	90

	Page
Easter	91
Virtue	92
The Quip	92
Man's Medlëy	93
The Collar	95
The Pulley	96
Love	97
To Lucasta going to the Wars	97
To Althea from Prison	98
To Lucasta, on going beyond the Seas	99
Wishes to his supposed Mistress	100
The Retreat	103
Peace	104
The World	105
Within the Veil	106
The Revival	107
Song	108
An Evening Prayer	109
Corinna's going a-Maying	110
Delight in Disorder	112
The Rose : a Song	113
To Anthea, who may command him anything	113
To the Virgins, to make much of Time	114
To Daffodils	115
To Blossoms	116
Litany to the Holy Spirit	117
Grace for a Child	118
To Primroses filled with Morning Dew	119
To live merrily and to trust to good Verses	120
The Child's Death	122
Death's Might	123
Dirge	123
On the Death of Mr William Hervey	124
On a Girdle	126
Go, lovely Rose	127
Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity	128
On Time	136
At a solemn Music	137
L'Allegro	138
Il Penseroso	143
The Song of Comus	149

CONTENTS

ix

	Page
The Invocation to Sabrina	150
The last Chorus of Comus	151
Lycidas	153
When the Assault was intended to the City	160
To the Lady Margaret Ley	161
On the late Massacre in Piemont	162
On his Blindness	163
To Mr Lawrence	163
To Cyriack Skinner	164
Bermudas	165
The Nymph complaining for the Death of her Fawn	166
The Garden	168
An Horatian Ode	170
Phyllis	175
Constar cy	175
Hymn to Darkness	176
Alexander's Feast, or, the Power of Music	177
An Ode	182
Ode on Solitude	182
The dying Christian to his Soul	183
The blind Boy	184
Black-eyed Susan	185
Sally in our Alley	186
Rule Britannia	188
An Ode	189
Ode to Evening	190
Dirge in <i>Cymbeline</i>	192
Ode on the Spring	193
Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College	195
Ode on Adversity	198
Elegy written in a country Churchyard	200
On a favourite Cat, drowned in a tub of Gold Fishes	205
Ode on the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude	207
The Progress of Poesy	208
The Bard	213
The Song of David	218
Stanzas on Woman	219
Auld Robin Gray	219
'There's nae luck about the House	221
The Flowers of the Forest	223

	Page
Loss of the <i>Royal George</i> •	224
Alexander Selkirk	225
The Poplar Field	227
To a young Lady	228
To Mary Unwin	229
To the Same	229
The Castaway	231
Life	234 •
The Braes of Yarrow	234
A Wish	236
Mary Morison	237
Green grow the Rashes	238
To a Mouse	239
I love my Jean	241
Auld Lang Syne	241
My bonnie Mary	242
John Anderson my jo	243
The Banks o' Doon	244
Bonnie Lesley	244
Highland Mary	245
Duncan Gray	247
Lament for Culloden	248
A red, red Rose	249
Charlie he's my Darling	249
The Farewell	251
The Dumfries Volunteers	252
Parted	253
The Land o' the Leal	253
To Spring	255
How sweet I roamed	255
Infant Joy	256
Ah, Sunflower!	256
The Tiger	257
To the Christians	258
The new Jerusalem	258
A naval Ode	259
Hohenlinden	260
The Soldier's Dream	262
Song	263
The Beech Tree's Petition	264
The Battle of the Baltic	265

CONTENTS

xi

	Page
Lord Ullin's Daughter	267
Freedom and Love	269
The River of Life	270
To-Morrow	271
Rosabelle	272
The Maid of Neidpath	274
Hunting Song	275
Where shall the Lover rest	276
Coronach	278
Brignall Banks	279
The Rover	281
The Hero	282
Jock of Hazeldean	282
The Pipe-summons of Donald the Black	283
Proud Maisie	285
County Guy	285
Evening	286
Bonny Dundee	287
The twa Corbies	290
O, waly waly up the Bank	291
Helen of Kirconnell	292
If doughty Deeds	294
Willie drowned in Yarrow	295
Written in early Spring	296
Lucy	297
Death in Absence	298
Nature's Child	299
Dead	300
The Fountain	301
Lucy Gray; or, Solitude	303
Ruth	306
'My heart leaps up'	315
Upon Westminster Bridge	315
Abraham's Bosom	316
On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic	316
To Toussaint L'ouverture	317
The Bread of Life	317
Milton	318
When I have borne in Memory	319
To a Highland Girl at Inversneyde upon Loch Lomond	319

	Page
Yarrow unvisited	322
Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of early Childhood	324
To the Cuckoo	331
She was a Phantom	332
The Daffodils	333
The small Celandine	334
Ode to Duty	335
To the Daisy	337
Admonition to a Traveller	339
'The World is too much with us'	340
Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland	340
Yarrow visited	341
Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge	344
To the Skylark	344
The Trossachs	345
The inner Vision	346
Love	346
Kubla Khan	350
Youth and Age	352
The old familiar Faces	354
On an Infant dying as soon as born	355
Child's Play	357
The Battle of Blenheim	357
Stanzas written in his Library	360
When we two parted	361
And thou art dead	362
Stanzas for Music	364
Stanzas for Music	365
She walks in Beauty	366
Elegy	367
Fare thee well	368
The Dungeon of Chillon Castle	370
The Isles of Greece	371
O talk not to me	374
'On this day I complete my thirty-sixth year'	375
She is far from the Land	377
At the mid Hour of Night	377
Past Days	378
The Light of other Days	379

CONTENTS

xiii

	Page
Hame, Hame, Hame	380
Sea Song	381
The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna	382
Ozymandias	383
Lines written among the Euganean Hills	384
Stanzas written in Dejection, near Naples	390
The Indian Serenade	392
The Poet	393
Hymn to the Spirit of Nature	393
Ode to the West Wind	394
The Cloud	397
To a Skylark	400
I fear thy Kisses	404
Love's Philosophy	405
Hymn of Pan	405
The Question	407
To the Moon	408
Astræa Redux	408
To Night	410
To ———	411
Rarely, rarely, comest thou	412
A Lament	413
To ———	414
Lines on the Flight of Love	414
To a Lady with a Guitar	416
A Song	418
The Invitation	419
A Dirge	421
On first looking into Chapman's Homer	421
'In City Pent'	422
Sonnet	422
Lines on the Mermaid Tavern	423
The human Seasons	424
Ode	424
La Belle Dame Sans Merci	426
Ode to a Nightingale	427
Ode on a Grecian Urn	430
To Autumn	432
Fancy	433
Stanzas	436
Sonnet	437

	Page
I remember, I remember	438
The Death-bed	439
The Bridge of Sighs	440
A right pithy Song	443
Song	445
Annabel Lee	445
<hr/>	
Index of First Lines	449

NOTE

The compiler expresses his obligations to Mr RONALD BAYNE, who has been good enough to add the notes and correct the proofs of this book.

A LITTLE BOOK OF ENGLISH LYRICS

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING

WHEN IN EACH THING RENEWS, SAVE ONLY THE LOVER

Surrey's poems were first collected in Tottel's Miscellany, 1557.
He was beheaded 1547.

THE soote¹ season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale :
The nightingale with feathers new she sings ;
The turtle to her mate² hath told her tale.
Summer is come, for every spray now springs :
The hart has hung his old head on the pale ;
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings ;
The fishes float³ with new repaired scale.
The adder all her slough away she slings ;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale ;
The busy bee her honey now she mings ;⁴
Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale.

And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

¹ Sweet. ² Mate. ³ v. l. Fleet. ⁴ Mingles.

A VOW TO LOVE FAITHFULLY, HOWSOEVER HE BE REWARDED

SET me whereas the sun doth parch the green,
 Or where his beams do not dissolve the ice ;
 In temperate heat, where he is felt and seen ;
 In presence prest¹ of people mad or wise ;
 Set me in high, or yet in low degree ;
 In longest night, or in the shortest day ;
 In clearest sky, or where clouds thickest be ;
 In lusty youth, or when my hairs are grey ;
 Set me in heaven, in earth, or else in hell,
 In hill, or dale, or in the foaming flood ;
 Thrall or at large, alive whereso I dwell ;
 Sick or in health, in evil fame or good :

Hers will I be, and only with this thought
 Content myself, although my chance be nought !

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

LOVE'S SPRING

Sonnet 70 in the *Amoretti*, written 1593, published 1595. They were in honour of Elizabeth,—perhaps Elizabeth Boyle,—whom Spenser married in 1594.

FRESH Spring, the herald of love's mighty king,
 In whose cote-armour richly are display'd
 All sorts of flowers the which on earth do spring
 In goodly colours gloriously array'd,—
 Go to my love, where she is careless laid
 Yet in her winter's bower not well awake :
 Tell her the joyous time will not be stay'd
 Unless she do him by the fore-lock take :

¹ Crowded.

Bid her therefore herself soon ready make
 To wait on Love amongst his lovely crew :
 Where every one that misseth then her make,
 Shall be by him amerced with penance due.
 Make haste therefore, sweet love, whilst it is prime,
 For none can call again the passed time.
Edmund Spenser.

PROTHALAMION

OR

'A Spousal Verse made by Edmund Spenser in honour of the double marriage of the two honourable and virtuous ladies, the Lady Elizabeth and the Lady Katharine Somerset, daughters to the right honourable Earl of Worcester and espoused to the two worthy Gentlemen, Mr Henry Guildford and Mr William Peter, Esquires' (1596).

CALM was the day, and through the trembling air
 Sweet breathing Zephyrus did softly play,
 A gentle spirit that lightly did delay
 Hot Titan's beams which then did glisten fair ;
 When I (whom sullen care,
 Through discontent of my long fruitless stay
 In Prince's court, and expectation vain
 Of idle hopes, which still do fly away
 Like empty shadows, did afflict my brain)
 Walked forth to ease my pain
 Along the shore of silver-streaming Thames ;
 Whose rutty¹ bank, the which his river hems,
 Was painted all with variable flowers,
 And all the meads adorned with dainty gems
 Fit to deck maidens' bowers,
 And crown their paramours
 Against the bridal day, which is not long :
 Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

¹ Rooty.

There, in a meadow by the river's side,
 A flock of Nymphs I chanced to espy,
 All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
 With goodly greenish locks, all loose untied,
 As each had been a bride ;
 And each one had a little wicker basket,
 Made of fine twigs, entrained curiously,
 In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket,
 And with fine fingers cropped full feateously¹
 The tender stalks on high.
 Of every sort which in that meadow grew
 They gathered some : the violet, pallid blue,
 The little daisy that at evening closes,
 The virgin lily, and the primrose true,
 With store of vermeil roses,
 To deck their bridegrooms' posies
 Against the bridal day, which was not long :
 Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

With that I saw two swans of goodly hue
 Come softly swimming down along the Lee ;
 Two fairer birds I yet did never see :
 The snow, which doth the top of Pindus strew,
 Did never whiter shew,
 Nor Jove himself, when he a swan would be
 For love of Leda, whiter did appear ;
 Yet Leda was, they say, as white as he,
 Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near :
 So purely white they were,
 That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,
 Seemed foul to them, and bade his billows spare
 To wet their silken feathers, lest they might
 Soil their fair plumes with water not so fair,

¹ Elegantly.

And mar their beauties bright,
That shone as heaven's light
Against their bridal day, which was not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

Eftsoons the Nymphs, which now had flowers
their fill,
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,
As they came floating on the crystal flood ;
Whom when they saw, they stood amazed still,
Their wondering eyes to fill :
Them seemed they never saw a sight so fair,
Of fowls so lovely that they sure did deem
Them heavenly born, or to be that same pair
Which through the sky draw Venus' silver team ;
For sure they did not seem
To be begot of any earthly seed,
But rather angels, or of angels' breed ;
Yet were they bred of summer's heat, they say,¹
In sweetest season, when each flower and weed
The earth did fresh array ;
So fresh they seemed as day,
Even as their bridal day, which was not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,
That to the sense did fragrant odours yield,
All which upon those goodly birds they threw,
And all the waves did strew,
That like old Peneus' waters they did seem,
When, down along by pleasant Tempe's shore,
Scattered with flowers through Thessaly they stream,

¹ A pun probably,—‘of Somers-heat.’

That they appear, through lilies' plenteous store,
Like a bride's chamber floor.
Two of those Nymphs, meanwhile, two garlands
 bound .
Of freshest flowers which in that mead they
 found,
The which presenting all in trim array,
Their snowy foreheads therewithal they crowned,
Whilst one did sing this lay,
Prepared against that day,
Against their bridal day, which was not long
 (Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my
 song!):—

'Ye gentle birds, the world's fair ornament,
And heaven's glory, whom this happy hour
Doth lead unto your lovers' blissful bower, •
Joy may you have, and gentle hearts' content
Of your love's couplement!
And let fair Venus, that is queen of love,
With her heart-quelling son upon you smile:
Whose smile, they say, hath virtue to remove
All love's dislike, and friendship's faulty guile
For ever to assoil!
Let endless peace your steadfast hearts accord,
And blessed plenty wait upon your board;
And let your bed with pleasures chaste abound,
That fruitful issue may to you afford,
Which may your foes confound,
And make your joys redound
Upon your bridal day, which is not long:
 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my
 song.'

So ended she ; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her undersong,
Which said, their bridal day should not be long :
And gentle Echo from the neighbour ground
Their accents did resound.
So forth those joyous birds did pass along
• Adown the Lee, that to them murmured low,
As he would speak, but that he lacked a tongue,
Yet did by signs his glad affection show,
Making his stream run slow ;
And all the fowl which in his flood did dwell
'Gan flock about these twain, that did excel
The rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend¹
The lesser stars. So they, enranged well,
Did on those two attend,
And their best service lend
Against their wedding day, which was not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

At length they all to merry London came,
To merry London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native source,
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of ancient fame !
There when they came, whereas those bricky
towers
The which on Thames' broad aged back do ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers ;
There whilom wont the Templar Knights to
bide,
Till they decayed through pride ;
Next whereunto there stands a stately place,
Where oft I gained gifts and goodly grace

¹ Spoil, extinguish.

Of that great lord, which therein wont to dwell;
 Whose want too well now feels my friendless case;
 But ah! here fits not well
 Old woes, but joys, to tell
 Against the bridal day, which is not long:
 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,¹
 Great England's glory and the world's wide
 wonder,
 Whose dreadful name late through all Spain did
 thunder,
 And Hercules' two pillars standing near
 Did make to quake and fear.
 Fair branch of honour, flower of chivalry,
 That fillest England with thy triumph's fame,
 Joy have thou of thy noble victory,
 And endless happiness of thine own name².
 That promiseth the same!
 That, through thy prowess and victorious arms,
 Thy country may be freed from foreign harms,
 And great Elisa's glorious name may ring
 Through all the world, filled with thy wide alarms,
 Which some brave muse may sing
 To ages following,
 Upon the bridal day, which is not long:
 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

From those high towers this noble lord issuing,
 Like radiant Hesper, when his golden hair
 In the ocean billows he hath bathed fair,
 Descended to the river's open viewing,
 With a great train ensuing.

¹ Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex. His taking of
 Cadiz is alluded to.

² Dev(enir) heureux.

Above the rest were goodly to be seen
 Two gentle knights of lovely face and feature,
 Beseeming well the bower of any queen,
 With gifts of wit and ornaments of nature
 Fit for so goodly stature,
 That like the twins of Jove they seemed in sight,
 • Which deck the bauldrick ¹ of the heavens bright:
 They two, forth pacing to the river's side,
 Received those two fair brides, their love's delight;
 Which at th^e appointed tide,
 Each one did make his bride
 Against their bridal day, which is not long:
 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.
 • Edmund Spenser.

WITH HOW SAD STEPS

The 31st sonnet of Astrophel and Stella, written 1581-4.

WITH how sad steps, O Moon, thou clim'st the
 skies!
 How silently, and with how wan a face!
 What! may it be that even in heavenly place
 That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
 Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case:
 I read it in thy looks; thy languished grace
 To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.
 Then, ev'n of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
 Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?
 Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
 Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet
 Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess
 Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?
Sir Philip Sidney.

¹ 'Belt,' alluding to the Zodiac.

SLEEP

The 39th sonnet of *Astrophel and Stella*. Stella was Penelope, daughter of Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex. When Sidney wrote she was unhappily married to Lord Robert Rich. *Astrophel* means 'lover of a star.'

COME, Sleep! O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
 The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 Th' indifferent judge between the high and low;
 With shield of proof shield me from out the prease¹
 Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw:
 O make in me those civil wars to cease;
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
 A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,²
 A rosy garland and a weary head:
 And if these things, as being thine in right,
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
 Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

Sir Philip Sidney.

MY TRUE LOVE HATH MY HEART

This text is from Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589. The version in the *Arcadia*, 1590, has five more lines of inferior merit.

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
 By just exchange one for another given:
 I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
 There never was a better bargain driven:
 My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

¹ Press.

² The Quarto reads, 'Deaf of noise and blind of light.'

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
 My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides :
 He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
 I cherish his because in me it bides :
 My true love hath my heart, and I have his.
Sir Philip Sidney.

A REASONABLE SERVICE

From a series of stanzas entitled *A Treatise of Humane Learning*. Fulke Greville was the friend of Sir Philip Sidney.

FOR only that Man understands indeed
 And well remembers, which he well can do ;
 The laws live only where the law doth breed
 Obedience to the works it binds us to ;
 And as the life of Wisdom hath exprest ;
 If this you know, then do it and be blest.
 The chief use then in Man of that he knows
 Is his pains-taking for the good of all ;
 Not fleshly weeping for our own made woes,
 Not laughing from a melancholy gall,
 Not hating from a soul that overflows
 With bitterness, breath'd out from inward thrall :
 But sweetly rather to ease, loose, or bind,
 As need requires, this frail, fall'n humankind.
Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS

Printed first in Byrd's *Psalms, Sonnets, &c.*, 1588.

My mind to me a kingdom is ;
 Such present joys therein I find,
 That it excels all other bliss
 That earth affords or grows by kind :
 Though much I want which most would have,
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
No force to win the victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to feed a loving eye ;
To none of these I yield as thrall ;
For why ? my mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty [surfeits] oft,
And hasty climbers soon do fall ;
I see that those which are aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all :
They get with toil, they keep with fear :
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content to live, this is my stay ;
I seek no more than may suffice ;
I press to bear no haughty sway ;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave ;
I little have, and seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store ;
They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;
They lack, I leave ; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain ;
No worldly waves my mind can toss ;
My state at one doth still remain :
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend ;
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
Their wisdom by their rage of will ;
Their treasure is their only trust, ,
A cloaked craft their store of skill :
But all the pleasure that I find
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,
My conscience clear my chief defence ;
I neither seek by bribes to please,
Nor by deceit to breed offence :
Thus do I live ; thus will I die ;
Would all did so as well as I !
Sir Edward Dyer.

CARDS AND KISSES

From *Alexander and Campaspe*, 1584, but the Songs were not printed till 1632.

CUPID and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses—Cupid paid :
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows ;
Loses them too ; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how) ;
With these, the crystal of his brow
And then the dimple of his chin
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes—
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love ! has she done this to thee
What shall, alas ! become of me ?

John Lyly.

LANCÉLOT, EREMITÉ

From *Polyhymnia*, 1590, a description of a 'Triumph at Tilt' held before Queen Elizabeth in the Tilt Yard at Westminster.

His golden locks Time hath to silver turned—
O Time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing !
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
But spurned in vain ; youth waneth by increasing !
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen ;
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make an hive for bees,
And, lovers' sonnets turned to holy psalms,
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are [old] age his alms :
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song :—
'Blessed be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,
Cursed be souls that think her any wrong !'
Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
To be your bedesman now that was your knight !
George Peele.

SEPHESTIA'S SONG TO HER CHILD

From '*Menaphon*,' 1587.

WEEP not, my wanton, smile upon my knee ;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy ;
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,

He was glad, I was woe,
 Fortune changed made him so,
 When he left his pretty boy
 Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
 When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
 Streaming tears that never stint,
 Like pearl drops from a flint,
 Fell by course from his eyes,
 That one another's place supplies ;
 Thus he grieved in every part,
 Tears of blood fell from his heart,
 When he left his pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
 When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee,
 The wanton smiled, father wept,
 Mother cried, baby leapt ;
 More he crow'd, more we cried,
 Nature could not sorrow hide :
 He must go, he must kiss
 Child and mother, baby bless,
 For he left his pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
 When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee.

Robert Greene.

CONTENT

From the '*Farewell to Folly*,' 1591.

SWEET are the thoughts that savour of content ;
 The quiet mind is richer than a crown ;
 Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent ;
 The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown :

Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such
bliss,

Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbours quiet rest ;

The cottage that affords nor pride nor care ;

The mean that 'grees with country music best ;

The sweet consort of mirth and modest fare ;¹

Obscured life sets down a type of bliss :

A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

Robert Greene.

COME LIVE WITH ME •

Printed first in the *Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599; ascribed to Marlowe in *England's Helicon*, 1600; and inserted by Isaak Walton, 1653, in *The Complete Angler*. The texts vary considerably. We follow Dyce.

• COME live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies ;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle ;

¹ 'Modest fare' is Mr W. J. Linton's conjecture for 'music's fare.'

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber studs :
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love !

Thy silver dishes, for thy meat
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

Christopher Marlowe.

ROSALINE

From *Rosalynde*, published 1590, written at sea ; the romance from which Shakespeare took the story of *As You Like It*.

LIKE to the clear ¹ in highest sphere
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of selfsame colour is her hair
Whether unfolded, or in twines :
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !

¹ An allusion to the crystalline highest heaven of the old astronomers.

Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Resembling heaven by every wink ;
The Gods do fear whenas they glow,
And I do tremble when I think
 Heigh ho, would she were mine !

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face,
Or like the silver crimson shroud
That Phoebus' smiling looks doth grace ;
 Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !
Her lips are like two budded roses
Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh,
Within which bounds she balm encloses
Apt to entice a deity :
 Heigh ho, would she were mine !

Her neck is like a stately tower
Where Love himself imprison'd lies,
To watch for glances every hour
From her divine and sacred eyes :
 Heigh ho, for Rosaline !
Her paps are centres of delight,
Her breasts are orbs of heavenly frame,
Where Nature moulds the dew of light
To feed perfection with the same :
 Heigh ho, would she were mine !

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue
Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft in touch and sweet in view :
 Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !

Nature herself her shape admires ;
 The Gods are wounded in her sight ;
 And Love forsakes his heavenly fires
 And at her eyes his brand doth light :
 Heigh ho, would she were mine !

Then muse not, Nymphs, though I bemoan
 The absence of fair Rosaline,
 Since for a fair there's fairer none,
 Nor for her virtues so divine :
 Heigh ho, fair Rosaline ;
 Heigh ho, my heart ! would God that she were mine !
Thomas Lodge.

• ROSALYND'S MADRIGAL

From Rosalynde, 1590.

LOVE in my bosom, like a bee,
 Doth suck his sweet ;
 Now with his wings he plays with me,
 Now with his feet.
 Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
 His bed amidst my tender breast ;
 My kisses are his daily feast,
 And yet he robs me of my rest :
 ‘ Ah ! wanton, will ye ? ’

And if I sleep, then percheth he
 With pretty flight,
 And makes his pillow of my knee
 The livelong night.
 Strike I my lute, he tunes the string ;
 He music plays if so I sing ;
 He lends me every lovely thing,
 Yet cruel he my heart doth sting :
 ‘ Whist, wanton, still ye !

Else I with roses every day
 Will whip you hence,
 And bind you, when you want to play,
 For your offence;
 I'll shut my eyes to keep you in;
 I'll make you fast it for your sin;
 I'll count your power not worth a pin !
 —Alas ! what hereby shall I win,
 If he gainsay me ?

What if I beat the wanton boy
 With many a rod ?
 He will repay me with annoy,
 Because a god.
 ' Then sit thou safely on my knee,
 And let thy bower my bosom be ;
 Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee,
 O Cupid ! so thou pity me,
 Spare not, but play thee ! '
Thomas Lodge.

THE BURNING BABE

Southwell was executed as a Jesuit, 1595. Ben Jonson declared that 'so had he written that piece of his, the Burning Babe, he would have been content to destroy many of his.'

As I in hoary winter's night
 Stood shivering in the snow,
 Surprised I was with sudden heat,
 Which made my heart to glow ;
 And lifting up a fearful eye
 To view what fire was near,
 A pretty Babe all burning bright
 Did in the air appear :

- Who, scorched with excessive heat,
 Such floods of tears did shed,
 As though his floods should quench his flames,
 Which with his tears were bred.
 'Alas ! ' quoth he, ' but newly born,
 In fiery heats I fry,
 • Yet none approach to warm their hearts
 Or feel my fire, but I.

My faultless breast the furnace is,
 The fuel wounding thorns ;
 Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke,
 The ashes shames and scorns ;
 The fuel Justice layeth on,
 • And Mercy blows the coals ;
 The metal in this furnace wrought
 Are men's defiled souls :
 For which, as now on fire I am
 To work them to their good,
 So will I melt into a bath,
 To wash them in my blood ! '
 With this he vanished out of sight,
 And swiftly shrunk away,
 And straight I called unto my mind
 That it was Christmas Day.

Robert Southwell.

EXEGI MONUMENTUM

Sonnet 18. *Shakespeare's Sonnets* were printed in 1609, but the publication of numbers 138 and 144 in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599, suggests 'before 1600' as the date of the bulk of them.

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day ?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate :
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date :

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd.
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;¹
 Nor shall death brag thou wanderest in his shade;
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.
William Shakespeare.

WHEN IN DISGRACE ' .

Sonnet 29.

WHEN in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
 I all alone beweep my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate;
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featured like him, like him with friends possest,
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee—and then my state,
 Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
 For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth
 brings
 That then I scorn to change my state with
 kings.

William Shakespeare.

¹ Possessest.

THOUGHT'S SESSIONS

Sonnet 30.

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste :
 Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless¹ night,
 And weep afresh love's long-since-cancelled woe,
 And moan the expense² of many a vanished sight.
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell³ o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before :
 —But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

William Shakespeare.

ENVOY

Sonnet 32.

IF thou survive my well-contented day
 When that churl Death my bones with dust shall
 cover,
 And shall by fortune once more re-survey
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
 Compare them with the bettering of the time,
 And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
 Reserve⁴ them for my love, not for their rhyme,
 Exceeded by the height of happier men.

¹ Endless.² Loss.³ Count.⁴ Preserve.

O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought :
 ' Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing
 age, e
 A dearer birth than this his love had brought
 To march in ranks of better equipage :
 But since he died, and poets better prove,
 Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his
 love.'

William Shakespeare.

TIME'S CHANGES

Sonnet 60.

LIKE as the waves make towards the pebbled
 shore
 So do our minutes hasten to their end ;
 Each changing place with that which goes
 before,
 In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
 Nativity, once in the main¹ of light,
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
 And Time that gave, doth now his gift confound.
 Time doth transfix the flourish² set on youth,
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow ;
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow :—
 And yet, to times in hope,³ my verse shall
 stand
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

William Shakespeare.

¹ Sea or ocean.

² External adornment.

³ Future times.

TIME'S THEFTS

Sonnet 64.

WHEN I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
 The rich proud cost of out-worn buried age ;
 When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,
 And brass eternal slave to mortal rage ;
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
 And the firm soil win of the watery main,
 Increasing store with loss, and loss with store ;
 When I have seen such interchange of state,
 Or state itself confounded to decay,
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat—
 That Time will come and take my love away :
 —This thought is as a death, which cannot
 choose
 But weep to have that which it fears to lose.
William Shakespeare.

TIME'S CONQUEROR

Sonnet 65.

SINCE brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless
 sea,
 But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
 How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower ?
 O how shall summer's honey breath hold out
 Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays ?

O fearful meditation ! where, alack !
 Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid ?
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back,
 Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid ?

O ! none, unless this miracle have might,
 That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

William Shakespeare.

THE TIME IS OUT OF JOINT

Sonnet 66.

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry—
 As, to behold desert a beggar born,
 And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
 And purest faith unhappily¹ forsworn,
 And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
 And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
 And strength by limping sway disabled,
 And art made tongue-tied by authority,
 And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
 And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,²
 And captive Good attending captain Ill :

—Tired with all these, from these would I be
 gone,

Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

William Shakespeare.

WHEN I AM DEAD

Sonnet 71.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell.

¹ Evilly.

² Folly.

Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it ; for I love you so,
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.
 O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
 But let your love even with my life decay !
 Lest the wise world should look into your
 moan,
 And mock you with me after I am gone.
 William Shakespeare.

TOO DEAR

Sonnet 87.

FAREWELL ! thou art too dear for my possessing,
 And like enough thou know'st thy estimate :
 The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing ;
 My bonds in thee are all determinate.¹
 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting ?
 And for thy riches where is my deserving ?
 The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
 And so my patent back again is swerving.
 Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not
 knowing,
 Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking ;
 So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,²
 Comes home again, on better judgment making.
 Thus have I had thee as a dream doth flatter ;
 In sleep, a king ; but waking, no such matter.
 William Shakespeare.

¹ Out of date.² A mistake having arisen.

NOT PASSION'S SLAVE

Sonnet 94.

THEY that have power to hurt, and will do none,
 That do not do the thing they most do show,
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow,—
 They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
 And husband nature's riches from expense;¹
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,
 Others, but stewards of their excellence.
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
 Though to itself it only live and die;
 But if that flower with base infection meet,²
 The basest weed outbraves his dignity :
 For sweetest things turn sourest by their
 deeds;
 Lilies that fester² smell far worse than weeds.
William Shakespeare.

ABSENCE

Sonnet 97.

How like a winter hath my absence been
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year !
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,
 What old December's bareness every where !
 And yet this time removed³ was summer's time :
 The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,⁴
 Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease⁴

¹ Expenditure.³ This time of separation.² Rot.⁴ Spring.

Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
 But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit ;
 For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
 And, thou away, the very birds are mûte ;
 Or if they sing, 'tis with so dull a 'cheer,
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's
 near.

William Shakespeare.

SINCE FIRST I SAW YOU

Sonnet 104.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
 For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
 Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
 Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
 In process of the seasons have I seen,
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
 Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
 Steal from his figure,¹ and no pace perceived ;
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived :
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred :
 Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

William Shakespeare.

DREAMING ON THINGS TO COME

Sonnet 106.

WHEN in the chronicle of wasted time
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
 In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
 ¹ Creep on from the number on the dial.

Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
 I see their antique pen would have express'd
 Even such' a beauty as you master¹ now.
 So all their praises are but prophecies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
 And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
 For we, which now behold these present days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

William Shakespeare.

DEATH TO ME SUBSCRIBES

Sonnet 107.

Nor mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
 Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,²
 Can yet the lease of my true love control,
 Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.³
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
 Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
 Now with the drops of this most balmy time
 My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
 Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,
 While he insults⁴ o'er dull and speechless tribes:
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument
 When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are
 spent.

William Shakespeare.

¹ Own.

² A reference to the opening lines of Sonnet 106.

³ Imagined to be a lease expiring in a limited time.

⁴ Triumphs.

MY HOME OF LOVE

Sonnet 109.

O NEVER say that I was false of heart,
 Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify :¹
 As easy might I from myself depart
 As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie ;
 That is my home of love ; if I have ranged,
 Like him that travels, I return again,
 Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,²
 So that myself bring water for my stain.
 Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good :
 For nothing this wide universe I call,
 Save thou, my rose : in it thou art my all.

William Shakespeare.

LOVE'S NOT TIME'S FOOL

Sonnet 116.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove :
 O, no ! it is an ever fixed mark,
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
 taken.³

¹ Moderate. ² Exact to the time and unaltered.³ Whose influence and power are incalculable, although we can take its angular altitude.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and
cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom :—

If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

William Shakespeare.

POOR SOUL

Sonnet 146.

Poor Soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
[Foil'd by]¹ these rebel powers that thee
array,²

Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ?

Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend ?

Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge ? is this thy body's end ?

Then, Soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate³ thy store ;

Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross ;
Within be fed, without be rich no more :—

So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on
men,

And death once dead, there's no more dying
then.

William Shakespeare.

¹ Others propose ' Fooled by,' ' Pressed by,' ' Thrall to.'

² Clothe, dress ; or abuse, ill-treat.

³ Increase.

LOVE'S BLINDNESS

Sonnet 148.

O ME ! what eyes hath Love put in my head
Which have no correspondence with true sight :
Or if they have, where is my judgment fled
That censures¹ falsely what they see aright ?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so ?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's : No,
How can it ! O how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears ?
No marvel then though I mistake my view :
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love ! with tears thou keep'st me
 blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should
 find !

William Shakespeare.

ON A DAY

Dumaine's Song in *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 3.

ON a day, alack the day !
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air :
Through the velvet leaves the wind
All unseen 'gan passage find,

¹ Judges.

That the lover, sick to death,
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
 'Air,' quoth he, 'thy cheeks may blow ;
 Air, would I might triumph so !
 But, alack, my hand is sworn
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :
 Vow, alack, for youth unmeet—
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet !
 Do not call it sin in me
 That I am forsworn for thee : •
 Thou for whom e'en Jove would swear
 Juno but an Ethiop were,
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love.'

William Shakespeare.

IN PRAISE OF THE OWL AND THE CUCKOO

'This side is Hiems, Winter, this Ver, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owl, the other by the Cuckoo. Ver, begin !'
Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2.

SPRING.

WHEN daises pied, and violets blue,
 And lady-smocks all silver-white,
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
 Do paint the meadows with delight,
 The cuckoo then on every tree
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he :—
 Cuckoo !
 Cuckoo, cuckoo—O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear !

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then on every tree
Mocks married men, for thus sings he :—
Cuckoo !
Cuckoo, cuckoo—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear !

WINTER.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl :—
To-whit !
To-who !—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all around the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl :—
To-whit !
To-who !—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

William Shakespeare.

WHO IS SILVIA

The Song of Proteus to Silvia, overheard by Julia. *Two Gentle men*, iv. 2.

WHO is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?—
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness;
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silva is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

William Shakespeare.

LOVE'S BIRTH

'A song whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.'
Merchant of Venice, iii. 2.

TELL me where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes;
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring Fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
—Ding, dong, bell.

William Shakespeare.

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH

In *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599, and therefore not Shakespeare's for certain.

CRABBED Age and Youth •
Cannot live together :
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care ;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather ;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short ;
Youth is nimble, Age is lame ;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold ;
Youth is wild, and Age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee ;
Youth, I do adore thee ;
O, my Love, my Love is young !
Age, I do defy thee :
O, sweet shepherd, hie thee !
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

William Shakespeare.

SIGH NO MORE, LADIES

Balthazar's Song, *Much Ado*, ii. 3.

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more ;
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.

Then sigh not so,
 But let them go,
 And be you blythe and bonny,
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
 Of dumps so dull and heavy ;
 The fraud of men was ever so,
 Since summer first was leafy. *

Then sigh not so,
 But let them go,
 And be you blythe and bonny,
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 Into Hey nonny, nonny.

William Shakespeare.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

Sung by Amiens, *As You Like It*, ii. 5.

UNDER the greenwood tree,
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And turn¹ his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither !
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
 And loves to live i' the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleased with what he gets,

¹ Pope proposed "tune."

Come hither, come hither, come hither !

Here shall he see

No enemy

But winter and rough weather.

William Shakespeare.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

Sung by Amiens, *As You Like It*, ii. 7.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,

'Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude ;

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho ! sing, heigh ho ! unto the green
holly ;

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere
folly ;

Then, heigh ho, the holly !

This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,

That dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot ;

Though thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp

As friend remembered not.

Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho !

William Shakespeare.

IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

1 Page. 'Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?'—*As You Like It*, v. 3.

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie, ' .
In spring time, etc.

This carol they began that hour,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower
In spring time, etc.

And, therefore, take the present time

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, etc.

William Shakespeare.

A LOVE SONG

Clo. Would you have a love-song or a song of good life?

Sir Toby. A love-song, a love-song!

Sir Andrew. Ay, ay ; I care not for good life.

Twelfth Night, ii. 3.

O MISTRESS mine, where are you roaming?

O, stay and hear ; your true love's coming,
'That can sing both high and low :

Trip no further, pretty sweeting ;
 Journeys end in lovers meeting,
 Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love ? 'tis not hereafter ;
 Present mirth hath present laughter ;
 What's to come is still unsure :
 In delay there lies no plenty ;
 Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.

William Shakespeare.

SONG

• 'It is silly sooth,
 And dallies with the innocence of love
 Like the old age.'

Twelfth Night, ii. 4.

COME away, come away, Death,
 And in sad cypres¹ let me be laid ;
 Fly away, fly away, breath ;
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
 O prepare it !
 My part of death, no one so true
 Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
 On my black coffin let there be strown ;
 Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poor corse, where my bones shall be thrown :
 A thousand thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, O, where
 Sad true lover never find my grave,
 To weep there !

William Shakespeare.

¹ *Cypres*, crape.

WHEN THAT I WAS AND A LITTLE
TINY BOY

Clown's Song at the end of *Twelfth Night*.

WHEN that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain ;
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain ;
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas ! to wife,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain ;
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain ;
With toss-pots¹ still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain ;
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.
William Shakespeare.

¹ Toppers.

TAKE, O, TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY

The Boy's Song to Mariana, *Measure for Measure*, iv. 1. It occurs with a second verse in Fletcher's *Bloody Brother*.

TAKE, O, take those lips away, •
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn !
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of Jove but sealed in vain.

William Shakespeare.

HARK, HARK, THE LARK

Sung by Cloten's Musicians, *Cymbeline*, ii. 3.

HARK ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
• On chaliced flowers that lies ;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes ;
With everything that pretty is,¹
My lady sweet, arise !
Arise, arise !

William Shakespeare.

FIDELÉ'S DIRGE.

Bel. How found you him ?

Arr. Stark, as you see ;
Thus smiling as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart being laugh'd at.

Cymbeline, iv. 2.

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun
Nor the furious winter's rages !
Thou thy worldly task hast done,

¹ Editors alter to 'bin.'

Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
 Golden lads and girls all must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke!
 Care no more to clothe, and eat;
 To thee the reed is as the oak:
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
 Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone!
 Fear not slander, censure rash;
 Thou hast finished joy and moan:
 All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust,
William Shakespeare.

WHEN DAFFODILS BEGIN TO PEER

Enter Autolycus singing. The Winter's Tale, iv. 2.

WHEN daffodils begin to peer,
 With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
 Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
 For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
 With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
 Doth set my pugging¹ tooth on edge;
 For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

¹ Thievish.

The lark that tirra-lirra chants,
 With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
 Are summer songs for me and my aunts,¹
 While we lie tumbling in the hay.
William Shakespeare.

ROAD SONG

From *The Winter's Tale*, iv. 2.

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
 And merrily hent² the stile-a :
 A merry heart goes all the day,
 Your sad tires in a mile-a.
William Shakespeare.

SEA MUSIC

'Re-enter Ariel, invisible, playing and singing.' *The Tempest*, i. 2.

COME unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands :
 Courtsied when you have, and kiss'd
 The wild waves whist,³
 Foot it featly here and there ;
 And, sweet Sprites, the burthen bear.
 Hark, hark !
 Bow-bow.
 The watch-dogs bark :
 Bow-wow.
 Hark, hark ! I hear
 The strain of strutting chanticler
 Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow !
William Shakespeare.

¹ Gossips.

² Pass over.

³ Silent. Most editors read, '— the wild waves whist !'—putting a comma after "kiss'd."

A DIRGE

Fer. 'Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters.'
Ariel sings. *The Tempest*, i. 2.

FULL fathom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes ;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell ;
Hark ! now I hear them,—
Burden—ding-dong, bell !
William Shakespeare.

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS

Ariel re-enters, singing, and helps to attire Prospero. The Tempest, v. i.

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I ;
In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
There I couch when owls do cry ;
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily ;
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
William Shakespeare.

THE PARTING

Almost the last sonnet in the sequence entitled *Idea's Mirror* in 1594, and finally *Idea*. Because it was not included in the sequence till 1619 some have wished to claim it for Shakespeare.

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss and part,—
Nay I have done, you get no more of me ;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free ;

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
When his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And innocence is closing up his eyes,
—Now if thou would'st, when all have given
him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet
recover !

Michael Drayton.

AN ODE

Printed in *Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599, but published as Barnefield's in a larger form in *Poems : in divers humours*, 1598.

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring ;
Every thing did banish moan
Save the Nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty
That to hear it was great pity.
'Fie, fie, fie,' now would she cry ;
'Teru, teru,' by and by :
That to hear her so complain
Scarce I could from tears refrain

For her griefs so lively shown
 Made me think upon mine own.
 —Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
 None takes pity on thy pain :
 Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,
 Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee ;
 King Pandion, he is dead,
 All thy friends are lapp'd in lead :
 All thy fellow birds do sing
 Careless of thy sorrowing.

Richard Barnefield.

A SWEET LULLABY

Printed in *The Arbor of Amorous Devises*, 1597, which is ascribed by some editors to Nicholas Breton.

COME, little babe, come, silly soul,
 Thy father's shame, thy mother's grief,
 Born as I doubt to all our dole,
 And to thyself unhappy chief :
 Sing lullaby and lap it warm,
 Poor soul that thinks no creature harm.

Thou little think'st, and less dost know
 The cause of this thy mother's moan.
 Thou want'st the wit to wail her woe,
 And I myself am all alone.
 Why dost thou weep ? why dost thou wail ?
 And know'st not yet what thou dost ail.

Come, little wretch ! Ah ! silly heart,
 Mine only joy, what can I more ?
 If there be any wrong thy smart,
 That may the destinies implore,
 'Twas I, I say, against my will—
 I wail the time, but be thou still.

ENGLISH LYRICS

And dost thou smile ? O thy sweet face !
Would God Himself He might thee see !
No doubt thou soon would'st purchase grace,
I know right well, for thee and me. •

But come to mother, babe, and play,
For father false is fled away.

Sweet boy, if it by fortune chance
Thy father home again to send,
If Death do strike me with his lance,
Yet may'st thou me to him commend :
If any ask thy mother's name,
Tell how by love she purchased blame.

Then will his gentle heart soon yield :
I know him of a noble mind :
Although a lion in the field,
A lamb in town thou shalt him find :
Ask blessing, babe, be not afraid !
His sugared words have me betrayed.

Then may'st thou joy and be right glad,
Although in woe I seem to moan ;
Thy father is no rascal lad,
A noble youth of blood and bone ;
His glancing looks, if he once smile,
Right honest women may beguile.

Come, little boy, and rock a-sleep !
Sing lullaby, and be thou still !
I, that can do naught else but weep,
Will sit by thee and wail my fill :
God bless my babe, and lullaby
From this thy father's quality.

Nicholas Breton.

PHILLIDA AND CORYDON

Printed in *England's Helicon*, 1600, the best Elizabethan anthology.

In the merry month of May,
On a morn by break of day,
Forth I walk'd by the wood-side,
Whenas May was in her pride :
There I spied all alone
Phillida and Corydon.
Much ado there was, God wot !
He would love and she would not.
She said, Never man was true ;
He said, None was false to you.
He said, He had loved her long ;
She said, Love should have no wrong.
Corydon would kiss her then ;
She said, Maids must kiss no men
Till they did for good and all ;
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth,
Never loved a truer youth.
Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as silly shepherds use
When they will not love abuse,
Love, which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded ;
And Phillida with garlands gay
Was made the Lady of the May.

Nicholas Breton.

A PASSION OF MY LORD OF ESSEX

Said to have been enclosed in a letter to Queen Elizabeth from Ireland in 1599. The text is from Chetham MS. 8012, printed by Dr Hannah.

HAPPY were he could finish forth his fate
 In some unhaunted desert, most obscure
 From all societies, from love and hate
 Of worldly folk, then might he sleep secure ;
 Then wake again, and ever give God praise ;
 Content with hips and haws and brambleberry ;
 In contemplation spending all his days,
 And change of holy thoughts to make him merry :
 Who, when he dies, his tomb might be a bush
 Where harmless robin dwells with gentle thrush :
 —Happy were he !

Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex.

A WISH

About 1600.

ALL I can
 My worldly strife shall be
 They one day say of me
 ‘ He died a good old man ’ :
 On his sad soul a heavy burden lies
 Who, known to all, unknown to himself dies.

Anonymous.

SPRING

From *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600.

SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant
 king !

Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
 Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing :—
 Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo !

The palm and may make country houses gay,
 Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
 And we hear ay birds tune this merry lay :—
 Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo !

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
 Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
 In every street these tunes our ears do greet :—
 Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo !
 Spring, the sweet spring !

Thomas Nashe.

CONTENT

From The pleasant Comedy of Patient Grissell, 1603.

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?

O, sweet content !

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed ?

O, punishment !

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed

To add to golden numbers golden numbers ?

O, sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !

Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;

Honest labour bears a lovely face ;

Then hey nonny nonny—hey nonny nonny !

Can'st drink the waters of the crisped spring ?

O, sweet content !

Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own
 tears ?

O, punishment !

Then he that patiently want's burden bears,

No burden bears, but is a king, a king !

O, sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet
 content !

Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;
 Honest labour bears a lovely face ;
 Then hey nonny nonny—hey nonny nonny !
Thomas Dekker.

WEEP YOU NO MORE

• From John Dowland's *Third and Last Book of Songs or Aires*,
 1603.

WEEP you no more, sad fountains !
 What need you flow so fast ?
 Look how the snowy mountains
 Heaven's sun doth gently waste !
 But my sun's heavenly eyes
 View not your weeping,
 That now lies sleeping
 Softly, now softly lies
 Sleeping.

• Sleep is a reconciling,
 A rest that peace begets :
 Doth not the sun rise smiling
 When fair at ev'n he sets ?
 Rest you then, rest, sad eyes !
 Melt not in weeping,
 While she lies sleeping
 Softly, now softly lies
 Sleeping.

Anonymous.

SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE

From Thomas Ford's *Music of Sundry Kinds*, 1607 ; found
 in other collections.

SINCE first I saw your face I resolved to honour
 and renown ye ;
 If now I be disdained, I wish my heart had never
 known ye.

What? I that loved and you that liked, shall we
begin to wrangle?

No, no, no, my heart is fast, and cannot disentangle.

If I admire or praise too much, that fault you may
forgive me;

Or if my hands had strayed but a touch, then
justly might you leave me.

I asked you leave, you bade me love; is't now a
time to chide me?

No, no, no, I'll love you still, what fortune e'er
betide me.

The sun, whose beams most glorious are, rejecteth
no beholder,

And your sweet beauty past compare made my
poor eyes the bolder.

Where beauty moves, and wit delights, and signs
of kindness bind me,

There, O, there! where'er I go. I'll leave my
heart behind me.

Anonymous.

YE LITTLE BIRDS

From The Fair Maid of the Exchange, 1607.

YE little birds that sit and sing

Amidst the shady valleys,

And see how Phillis sweetly walks

Within her garden-alleys:

Go, pretty birds, about her bower;

Sing, pretty birds, she may not lower;

Ah, me! methinks I see her frown!

Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tell her through your chirping bills,
 As you by me are bidden,
 To her is only known my love,
 Which from the world is hidden.
 Go, pretty birds, and tell her so ;
 See that your notes strain not too low ;
 For still, methinks, I see her frown—
 Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go tune your voices' harmony,
 And sing, I am her lover ;
 Strain loud and sweet, that every note
 With sweet content may move her.
 And she that hath the sweetest voice,
 Tell her I will not change my choice ;
 Yet still, methinks, I see her frown !
 Ye pretty wantons, warble.

O, fly ! make haste ! see, see, she falls
 Into a pretty slumber.
 Sing round about her rosy bed,
 That, waking, she may wonder.
 Say to her, 'tis her lover true
 That sendeth love to you, to you ;
 And when you hear her kind reply,
 Return with pleasant warblings.

Thomas Heywood.

PACK, CLOUDS, AWAY !

* From *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1608.

PACK, clouds, away, and welcome, day !
 With night we banish sorrow.
 Sweet air, blow soft ; mount, lark, aloft
 To give my love good morrow !

Wings from the wind to please her mind,
 Notes from the lark I'll borrow :
 Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,
 To give my love good morrow !
 To give my love good morrow,
 Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast !
 Sing, birds, in every furrow,
 And from each bill let music shrill
 Give my fair love good morrow !
 Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
 Stare, linnet, and cocksparrow,
 You pretty elves, amongst yourselves
 Sing my fair love good morrow !
 To give my love good morrow,
 Sing, birds, in every furrow !

Thomas Heywood.

VANITAS VANITATUM

THE World's a bubble ; and the life of Man
 Less than a span :
 In his conception wretched—from the womb
 So to the tomb ;
 Curst from the cradle, and brought up to years
 With cares and fears.
 Who then to frail mortality shall trust
 But limns the water, or but writes in dust.

Yet since with sorrow here we live opprest,
 What life is best ?
 Courts are but only superficial schools
 To dandle fools ;

The rural parts are turned into a den
 Of savage men ;
 And where's the city from all vice so free
 But may be termed the worst of all the three ?

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,
 Or pains his head :
 Those that live single take it for a curse,
 Or do things worse :
 These would have children ; those that have them
 moan,
 Or wish them gone :
 What is it then, to have, or have no wife,
 But single thralldom, or a double strife ?

Our own affections still at home to please,
 Is a disease ;
 To cross the seas to any foreign soil,
 Perils and toil ;
 Wars with their noise affright us : when they cease,
 We're worse in peace :
 —What then remains, but that we still should cry
 Not to be born, or, being born, to die ?

Francis Bacon.

TO DIANA

From '*Cynthia's Revels*,' v. 3, acted 1600.

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,
 Seated in thy silver chair,
 State in wonted manner keep :
 Hesperus entreats thy light,
 Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose !
 Cynthia's shining orb was made
 Heaven to clear when day did close :
 Bless us then with wished sight,
 Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
 And thy crystal shining quiver :
 Give unto the flying hart
 Space to breathe, how short soever ;
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess excellently bright.
Ben Jonson.

SIMPLICITY

From '*Epicane, or the Silent Woman*,' i. 1, acted 1609.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
 As you were going to a feast ;
 Still to be powder'd, still perfumed :
 Lady, it is to be presumed,
 Though art's hid causes are not found,
 All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
 That makes simplicity a grace ;
 Robes loosely flowing, hair as free :
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me
 Than all th' adulteries of art ;
 They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.
Ben Jonson.

IT IS NOT GROWING LIKE A TREE

A strophe of the "Pindaric Ode to the immortal memory of that noble pair, Sir Lucius Cary and Sir H. Mopson," which occurs in *Underwoods*, printed with the *Works*, 1616.

It is not growing like a tree,
 In bulk, doth make men better be ;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sere :
 A lilly of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night ;
 It was the plant and flower of light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see ;
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

Ben Jonson.

EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE

In *Underwoods*, being xv. of the 'Miscellaneous Poems.'

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse
 Lies the subject of all verse,
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother :
 Death, ere thou hast slain another
 Learn'd and fair and good as she,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Ben Jonson.

TO CELIA

From *The Forest*, a collection of 15 poems included in the *Works*, 1616.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine ;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
 Doth ask a drink divine ;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honouring thee,
 As giving it a hope, that there
 It could not withered be.
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me ;
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.

Ben Jonson.

THE SUNFLOWER'S LOVE

From A Book of Airs, 1601.

FOLLOW thy fair sun, unhappy shadow !
 Though thou be black as night
 And she made all of light,
 Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow !

Follow her, whose light thy light depriveth !
 Though here thou liv'st disgraced,
 And she in heaven is placed,
 Yet follow her whose light the world reviveth !

Follow those pure beams, whose beauty burneth,
 That so have scorched thee
 As thou still black must be
 Till her kind beams thy black to brightness turneth.

Follow her, while yet her glory shineth !
There comes a luckless night
That will dim all her light ;
—And this the black unhappy shade divineth.

Follow still, since so thy fates ordained !
• The sun must have his shade,
Till both at once do fade,—
The sun still proved, the shadow still disdained.
Thomas Campion.

DEVOTION

From Book of Airs, 1601.

FOLLOW your saint, follow with accents sweet !
Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet !
There, wrapt in cloud of sorrow, pity move,
And tell the ravisher of my soul I perish for her
love :
But if she scorn my never-ceasing pain,
Then burst with sighing in her sight, and ne'er
return again.

All that I sang still to her praise did tend ;
Still she was first, still she my songs did end ;
Yet she my love and music both doth fly,
The music that her echo is and beauty's sym-
pathy :
Then let my notes pursue her scornful flight !
It shall suffice that they were breathed and died
for her delight.

Thomas Campion.

THE WOOING

From *Book of Airs*, 1601. The poem exists in sonnet form in MS.

THOU art not fair, for all thy red and white,
 For all those rosy ornaments in thee,—
 Thou art not sweet, though made of mere delight,
 Nor fair, nor sweet—unless thou pity me !
 I will not soothe thy fancies ; thou shalt prove
 That beauty is no beauty without love.

—Yet love not me, nor seek not to allure
 My thoughts with beauty, were it more divine :
 Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure,
 I'll not be wrapp'd up in those arms of thine :
 —Now show it, if thou be a woman right—
 Embrace and kiss and love me in despite !
Thomas Campion.

LINES

From *Book of Airs*, 1601.

TURN back, you wanton flyer,
 And answer my desire
 With mutual greeting.
 Yet bend a little nearer,
 True beauty still shines clearer
 In closer meeting !
 Hearts with hearts delighted
 Should strive to be united,
 Each other's arms with arms enchaining,—
 Hearts with a thought,
 Rosy lips with a kiss still entertaining.

What harvest half so sweet is
 As still to reap the kisses
 Grown ripe in sowing ?
 And straight to be receiver
 Of that which thou art giver,
 Rich in bestowing ?
 There is no strict observing
 Of times' or seasons' swerving,
 There is ever one fresh spring abiding ;—
 Then what we sow with our lips
 Let us reap, love's gains dividing.
Thomas Campion.

INTEGRI VITAE

From Book of Airs, 1601.

• THE man of life upright,
 Whose guiltless heart is free
 From all dishonest deeds,
 Or thought of vanity ;

The man whose silent days
 In harmless joys are spent,
 Whom hopes cannot delude,
 Nor sorrow discontent ;

That man needs neither towers
 Nor armour for defence,
 Nor secret vaults to fly
 From thunder's violence :

He only can behold
 With unaffrighted eyes
 The horrors of the deep
 And terrors of the skies.

Thus, scorning all the cares
 That fate or fortune brings,
 He makes the heaven his book,
 His wisdom heavenly things ;

Good thoughts his only friends,
 His wealth a well-spent age,
 The earth his sober inn
 And quiet pilgrimage.

Thomas Campion.

LOVE'S CRUELTY

From Book of Airs, 1601.

WHEN thou must home to shades of underground,
 And there arrived, a new admired guest,
 The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,
 White Iope,¹ blythe Helen, and the rest,
 To hear the stories of thy finished love
 From that smooth tongue whose music hell can
 move ;

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
 Of masques and revels which sweet youth did
 make,
 Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,
 And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake :
 When thou hast told these honours done to thee,
 Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me !

Thomas Campion.

¹ There is a reference to Propertius ii. 28.

‘Sunt apud infernos tot millia formosarum ;
 Pulchra sit in superis, si licet, una locis.
 Vobiscum est Iope, vobiscum candida Tyro,
 Vobiscum Europe.’

DAY AND NIGHT

From Two Books of Airs, c. 1613.

COME, cheerful day, part of my life to me ;
For while thou view'st me with thy fading light
Part of my life doth still depart with thee,
And I still onward haste to my last night :
Time's fatal wings do ever forward fly—
So every day we live a day we die.

But O ye nights, ordained for barren rest,
How are my days deprived of life in you
When heavy sleep my soul hath dispossessed,
By feigned death life sweetly to renew !
Part of my life, in that, you life deny :
So every day we live, a day we die.

Thomas Campion.

JACK AND JOAN

From Two Books of Airs, c. 1613.

JACK and Joan, they think no ill,
But loving live, and merry still ;
Do their week-day's work, and pray
Devoutly on the holy-day :
Skip and trip it on the green,
And help to choose the Summer Queen ;
Lash out at a country feast
Their silver penny with the best.

Well can they judge of nappy ale,
And tell at large a winter tale ;
Climb up to the apple loft,
And turn the crabs till they be soft.

Tib is all the father's joy,
 And little Tom the mother's boy :—
 All their pleasure is, Content,
 And care, to pay their yearly rent.

Joan can call by name her cows
 And deck her windows with green boughs ;
 She can wreaths and tutties¹ make,
 And trim with plums a bridal cake.
 Jack knows what brings gain or loss,
 And his long flail can stoutly toss ;
 Makes the hedge which others break,
 And ever thinks what he doth speak.

Now you courtly dames and knights,
 That study only strange delights,
 Though you scorn the homespun gray,
 And revel in your rich array ;
 Though your tongues dissemble deep
 And can your heads from danger keep ;
 Yet, for all your pomp and train,
 Securer lives the silly swain !

Thomas Campion.

THE GOOD WIFE

From Third Book of Airs, c. 1617.

WHAT is it all that men possess, among themselves
 conversing ?
 Wealth, or fame, or some such boast, scarce worthy
 the rehearsing :
 Women only are men's good, with them in love
 conversing.

¹ Nosegays.

If weary, they prepare us rest; if sick, their hand
attends us;
When with grief our hearts are pressed, their com-
fort best befriends us;
Sweet or sour, they willing go to share what fortune
sends us.

What pretty babes with pains they bear, our name
and form presenting!
What we get how wise they keep, by sparing wants
preventing!
Sorting all their household cares to our observed
contenting!
All this, of whose large use I sing, in two words
is expressed:
Good Wife is the good I praise, if by good men
possessed.
Bad with bad in ill suit well, but good with good
live blessed.

Thomas Campion.

LOVE'S TRIALS

From Third Book of Airs, c. 1617.

NEVER love unless you can
Bear with all the faults of man!
Men sometimes will jealous be,
Though but little cause they see,
And hang the head as discontent,
And speak what straight they will repent.
Men that but one saint adore,
Make a show of love to more;
Beauty must be scorned in none,
Though but truly served in one:

For what is courtship but disguise?
True hearts may have dissembling eyes.

Men, when their affairs require,
Must awhile themselves retire;
Sometimes hunt and sometimes hawk,
And not ever sit and talk:
If these and such-like you can bear,
Then like and love, and never fear!

Thomas Campion.

CHERRY RIPE

*From Fourth Book of Airs, c. 1617; but printed in Alison's
Hour's Recreation, 1606.*

THERE is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heavenly paradise is that place
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.

There cherries grow which none may buy,
Till 'Cherry Ripe' themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds filled with snow;
Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy,
Till 'Cherry Ripe' themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still,
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that attempt with eye or hand

Those sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till 'Cherry Ripe' themselves do cry.

Thomas Campion.

LOVE ME OR NOT

From *Fourth Book of Airs*, c. 1617. •

LOVE me or not, love her I must or die;
 Leave me or not, follow her needs must I.
 O, that her grace would my wished comforts give!
 How rich in her, how happy I should live!

All my desire, all my delight should be
 Her to enjoy, her to unite to me;
 Envy should cease, her would I love alone:
 Who loves by looks is seldom true to one.

Could I enchant, and that it lawful were,
 Her would I charm softly that none should hear;
 But love enforced rarely yields firm content:
 So would I love that neither should repent.
Thomas Campion.

MADRIGAL

From John Wilbye's *Second Set of Madrigals*, 1609.

LOVE not me for comely grace,
 For my pleasing eye or face,
 Nor for any outward part,
 No, nor for my constant heart,—
 For those may fail, or turn to ill,
 So thou and I shall sever:
 Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
 And love me still, but know not why!
 So hast thou the same reason still
 To doat upon me ever.

Anonymous.

LOVERS' LORE

From Robert Jones's *The Muses' Garden of Delights*, 1610, extracted by Bêloe in his *Anecdotes*, vol. vi. Jones was a lutenist.

THE sea hath many thousand sands,
The sun hath motes as many ;
The sky is full of stars, and Love
As full of woes as any :
Believe me, that do know the elf,
And make no trial by thyself!

It is in truth a pretty toy
For babes to play withal ;
But O ! the honeys of our youth
Are oft our age's gall !
Self-proof in time will make thee know
He was a prophet told thee so :

A prophet that, Cassandra-like,
Tells truth without belief ;
For headstrong Youth will run his race,
Although his goal be grief :—
Love's martyr, when his heat is past,
Proves Care's confessor at the last.

Robert Jones.

A DIRGE

Cornelia's song while winding her son's corse ; from *The White Devil*, 1612.

CALL for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,

To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm;
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

John Webster.

OMNIA VANITAS.

From The Devil's Law-Case, v. 5, 1623.

ALL the flowers of the spring
Meet to perfume our burying;
These have but their growing prime,
And man does flourish but his time:
Survey our progress from our birth—
We are set, we grow, we turn to earth.
Courts adieu, and all delights, [*Soft music.*
All bewitching appetites!
Sweetest breath and clearest eye
Like perfumes go out and die;
And consequently this is done
As shadows wait upon the sun.
Vain the ambition of kings
Who seek by trophies and dead things
To leave a living name behind,
And weave but nets to catch the wind.

John Webster.

MEDITATION

(On the Tombs in Westminster Abbey)

In the Poems published after his death.

MORTALITY, behold and fear!
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within this heap of stones;

Here they lie had realms and lands,
 Who now want strength to stir their hands ;
 Where from their pulpits sealed with dust
 They preach :—‘ In greatness is no trust.’
 Here’s an acre sown indeed
 With the richest royall’st seed
 That the earth did e’er suck in,
 Since the first man died for sin !
 Here the bones of birth have cried :—
 ‘ Though gods they were, as men they died.’
 Here are sands, ignoble things,
 Dropt from the ruined sides of kings.
 Here’s a world of pomp and state,
 Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

Francis Beaumont.

SIC VITA

Ascribed also to Francis Beaumont. It is the best of a group of poems written on the same model.

LIKE to the falling of a star,
 Or as the flights of eagles are,
 Or like the fresh spring’s gaudy hue,
 Or silver drops of morning dew,
 Or like the wind that chafes the flood,
 Or bubbles which on water stood :
 Even such is Man whose borrow’d light
 Is straight called in and paid to night.

The wind blows out ; the bubble dies ;
 The spring entombed in autumn lies ;
 The dew dries up ; the star is shot ;
 The flight is past ; and man forgot.

Henry King.

ASPATIA'S SONG

From *The Maid's Tragedy*, ii. 1, produced not later than 1611.

Evad. That's one of your sad songs, Madam.

Asp. Believe me 'tis a very pretty one.

LAY a garland on my hearse
 Of the dismal yew ;
 Maidens, willow branches bear ;
 Say I died true !
 My love was false, but I was firm
 From my hour of birth.
 Upon my buried body lie
 Lightly, gentle earth.
Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher.

IN THE SPRING

From *The Tragedy of Valentinian*, written about 1618.

Now the lusty spring is seen ;
 Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
 Daintily invite the view :
 Everywhere on every green
 Roses blushing as they blow,
 And enticing men to pull,
 Lilies whiter than the snow,
 Woodbines of sweet honey full :
 All love's emblems, and all cry,
 'Ladies, if not plucked, we die.'

 Yet the lusty spring hath stayed ;
 Blushing red and purest white
 Daintily to love invite
 Every woman, every maid :

Cherries kissing as they grow,
 And inviting men to taste,
 Apples even ripe below,
 Winding gently to the waist :
 All love's emblems, and all cry,
 ' Ladies, if not plucked, we die.'
John Fletcher.

WEEP NO MORE .

From *The Queen of Corinth*, printed 1647. Fletcher died 1625.

WEEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan ;
 Sorrow calls no time that's gone :
 Violets plucked the sweetest rain
 Makes not fresh nor grow again ;
 Trim thy locks, look cheerfully ;
 Fate's hid ends eyes cannot see ;
 Joys as winged dreams fly fast,
 Why should sadness longer last ?
 Grief is but a wound to woe ;
 Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no moe.
John Fletcher.

IN PRAISE OF MELANCHOLY

From *The Nice Valour*, printed 1647.

HENCE, all you vain delights,
 As short as are the nights
 Wherein you spent your folly !
 There's nought in this life sweet,
 If man were wise to see't,
 But only Melancholy,
 O sweetest Melancholy !

Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
 A sight that piercing mortifies,
 A look that's fastened to the ground,
 A tongue chained up without a sound!
 Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
 Places which pale passion loves!
 Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
 Are warmly housed, save bats and owls¹!
 A midnight bell, a parting groan—
 These are the sounds we feed upon;
 Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley . . .
 Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy!

John Fletcher.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

Ben Jonson recited this poem to Drummond as Wotton's, in 1619. It is said to have been printed with Overbury's *Wife*, 1614.

How happy is he born and taught
 That serveth not another's will;
 Whose armour is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill!

 Whose passions not his masters are;
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,
 Untied unto the world by care
 Of public fame or private breath;

 Who envies none that chance doth raise,
 Nor vice; who never understood
 How deepest wounds are given by praise;
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

¹ Leigh Hunt thought a couplet had been lost after 'bats and owls,' and tried to claim the poem for 'the graver genius of Beaumont.'

Who hath his life from rumours freed ;
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Who God doth late and early pray
 More of His grace than gifts to lend ;
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a religious book or friend ;

—This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise or fear to fall :
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Henry Wotton.

ON HIS MISTRESS, THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA

Printed in Est's *Sixth Set of Books*, 1624, with the music. It must have been written after September, 1619, 'before the brief day of Elizabeth's Bohemian sovereignty was clouded.'

You meaner beauties of the night,
 That poorly satisfy our eyes
 More by your number than your light ;
 You common people of the skies ;
 What are you when the moon shall rise ?

You curious chanters of the wood,
 That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
 Thinking your passions understood
 By your weak accents, what's your praise
 When Philomel her voice shall raise

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year;
As if the spring were all your own;
What are you when the rose is blown?

So when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
Tell me if she were not designed
The eclipse and glory of her kind?
Sir Henry Wotton.

A LAMENT FOR HIS FRIEND

Song 1 of Book II. of Britannia's Pastorals, 1616.

GLIDE soft, ye silver floods,
And every spring:
Within the shady woods
Let no bird sing!
Nor from the grove a turtle-dove
Be seen to couple with her love;
But silence on each dale and mountain dwell,
Whilst Willy bids his friend and joy farewell.

But of great Thetis' train,
Ye mermaids fair,
That on the shores do plain¹
Your sea-green hair,
As ye in trammels knit your locks,
Weep ye; and so enforce the rocks
In heavy murmurs through the broad shores tell
How Willy bade his friend and joy farewell.

¹ Smooth.

Cease, cease, ye murmuring winds,
To move a wave ;
But if with troubled minds
You seek his grave,
Know 'tis as various as yourselves,
Now in the deep, then on the shelves,
His coffin tossed by fish and surges fell,
Whilst Willy weeps and bids all joy farewell.

Had he Arion-like
Been judged to drown,
He on his lute could strike
So rare a sown,
A thousand dolphins would have come
And jointly strove to bring him home.
But he on shipboard died, by sickness fell,
Since when his Willy bade all joy farewell.

Great Neptune, hear a swain !
His coffin take,
And with a golden chain
For pity make
It fast unto a rock near land !
Where every calmy morn I'll stand,
And ere one sheep out of my fold I tell,
Sad Willy's pipe shall bid his friend farewell.
William Browne.

HIS PILGRIMAGE

Eighteen lines out of sixty, written traditionally the night before the author was beheaded, 1618. Dr Hannah dates it 1603.

GIVE me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,

My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer;
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of heaven;
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains:
There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss;
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before;
But after it will thirst no more.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

TIME

Verses 'found in his Bible in the Gate-House at Westminster'; in *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ* entitled 'Sir Walter Raleigh the night before his death.' The last couplet has been challenged as a Puritan tag.

EVEN such is Time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

PHOEBUS, ARISE

From *Poems*, printed 1616, at Edinburgh.

PHOEBUS, arise,
 And paint the sable skies
 With azure, white, and red !
 Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's bed,
 That she thy carrier ¹ may with roses spread ;
 The nightingales thy coming each where sing ;
 Make an eternal spring,
 Give life to this dark world which lieth dead ;
 Spread forth thy golden hair
 In larger locks than thou wast wont before,
 And, emperor-like, decore
 With diadem of pearl thy temples fair ;
 Chase hence the ugly night,
 Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.
 This is that happy morn
 That day, long-wished day,
 Of all my life so dark
 (If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn,
 And fates not hope betray),
 Which, only white, deserves
 A diamond for ever ² should it mark :
 This is the morn should bring unto this grove
 My love, to hear and recompense my love.
 Fair king, who all preserves,
 But show thy blushing beams
 And thou two sweeter eyes
 Shalt see than those ³ which by Peneus' streams
 Did once thy heart surprise :
 Nay, suns, which shine as clear
 As thou when two thou did to Rome appear ! ⁴

¹ Course.

² *v.l.* 'an everlasting diamond.'

³ *i.e.* Daphne's. ⁴ Livy mentions the appearance of two
 suns, xxviii. 11 and xxix. 14.

Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise ;
 If that ye, Winds, would hear
 A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
 Your stormy chiding stay ;
 Let Zephyr only breathe,
 And with her tresses play,
 • Kissing sometimes these purple ports of death !
 The winds all silent are,
 And Phoebus in his chair,
 Ensaffroning sea and air,
 Makes vanish every star :
 Night like a drunkard reels
 Beyond the hills to shun his flaming wheels ;
 The fields with flowers are decked in every hue ;
 The clouds bespangle with bright gold their blue ;
 Here is the pleasant place,
 And every thing, save her, who all should grace.
 •
William Drummond.

MADRIGAL

From *Poems*, printed 1616. Translated from Guarini.

THIS life, which seems so fair,
 Is like a bubble blown up in the air
 By sporting children's breath,
 Who chase it everywhere,
 And strive who can most motion it bequeath :
 And though it sometime seem of its own might
 Like to an eye of gold to be fixed there,
 And firm to hover in that empty height,
 That only is because it is so light.
 —But in that pomp it doth not long appear ;
 For even when most admired, it in a thought,
 As swell'd from nothing, doth dissolve in naught.
William Drummond.

FOR THE BAPTIST

From *Flowers of Sion*, 1623.

THE last and greatest Herald of Heaven's King
 Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,
 Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,
 Which he than man more harmless found, and mild.
 His food was locusts, and what young doth spring,
 With honey that from virgin hives distill'd ;
 Parch'd body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing
 Made him appear, long since from earth exiled.
 There burst he forth : All ye whose hopes rely
 On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn,
 Repent, repent, and from old errors turn !
 —Who listen'd to his voice, obey'd his cry ?
 Only the echoes, which he made relent,
 Rung from their marble caves, Repent ! Repent !
William Drummond.

THE BOOK OF THE WORLD

From *Flowers of Sion*. Translated from Marino.

OF this fair volume which we World do name
 If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
 Of Him who it corrects, and did it frame,
 We clear might read the art and wisdom rare :
 Find out His power which wildest powers doth
 tame,
 His providence extending everywhere,
 His justice which proud rebels doth not spare,
 In every page, no period of the same.

But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleased with colour'd vellum, leaves of
gold,
Fair dangling ribbands, leaving what is best,
On the great Writer's sense ne'er taking hold ;
Or if by chance our minds do muse on aught,
• It is some picture on the margin wrought.
William Drummond.

THE WORLD'S INJUSTICE

From Posthumous Poems. Translated from Sanazzaro.

DOTH then the world go thus, doth all thus
move ?
Is this the justice which on earth we find ?
Is this that firm decree which all doth bind ?
Are these your influences, Powers above ?
Those souls which vice's moody mists most blind,
Blind Fortune, blindly, most their friend doth
prove ;
And they who thee, poor idol Virtue ! love,
Fly like a feather toss'd by storm and wind.
Ah ! if a Providence doth sway this all
Why should best minds groan under most distress ?
Or why should pride humility make thrall,
And injuries the innocent oppress ?
Heavens ! hinder, stop this fate ; or grant a
time
When good may have, as well as bad, their
prime !
William Drummond.

THE HARDY LOVER

Printed in *Fidelia*, 1617; and again, with some variations, in *Fair Virtue, The Mistress of Philarete*, 1622. Ben Jonson, parodying the poem in 1620, prints a third text. What follows is 1617, except in verse 4, which is 1622.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair?
 Or make pale my cheeks with care
 'Cause another's rosy are?
 Be she fairer than the day,
 Or the flowery meads in May—
 If she think not well of me,
 What care I how fair she be?

Shall my silly heart be pined
 'Cause I see a woman kind?
 Or a well disposed nature
 Joined with a lovely feature?
 Be she meeker, kinder, than
 Turtle-dove or pelican,
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
 Me to perish for her love?
 Or her well-deservings known
 Make me quite forget my own?
 Be she with that goodness blest
 Which may merit name of Best;
 If she be not such to me,
 What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
 Shall I play the fool and die?

Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do
Who without them dare to woo;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I though great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?
George Wither.

MADRIGAL

From Walter Porter's *Madrigals and Airs*, 1632; extracted in Beloe's *Anecdotes*.

Love in thy youth, fair maid; be wise,
Old Time will make thee colder,
And though each morning new arise
Yet we each day grow older.
Thou as heaven art fair and young,
Thine eyes like twin stars shining;
But ere another day be sprung,
All these will be declining.
Then winter comes with all his fears,
And all thy sweets shall borrow;
Too late then wilt thou shower thy tears,
And I too late shall sorrow.

Anonymous.

CALANTHA'S DIRGE

The dirge at the end of *The Broken Heart*, 1633.

GLORIES, pleasures, pomps, delights and ease,
 Can but please
 Outward senses, when the mind
 Is untroubled, or by peace refined.
 Crowns may flourish and decay,
 Beauties shine, but fade away.
 Youth may revel, yet it must
 Lie down in a bed of dust.
 Earthly honours flow and waste,
 Time alone doth change and last.
 Sorrows mingled with contents prepare
 Rest for care.
 Love only reigns in death ; though art
 Can find no comfort for a Broken Heart.

John Ford.

DISDAIN DEFIED

Carew's *Poems* were published 1640, the year after his death.

HE that loves a rosy cheek
 Or a coral lip admires,
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain his fires ;
 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combined,
 Kindle never-dying fires :
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win,
 My resolved heart to return ;
 I have searched thy soul within •
 And find nought but pride and scorn ;
 I have learned thy arts, and now
 Can disdain as much as thou.

Thomas Carew.

GIVE ME MORE LOVE

GIVE me more love or more disdain !
 The torrid or the frozen zone
 Bring equal ease unto my pain :
 The temperate affords me none.
 Either extreme, of love or hate,
 Is sweeter than a calm estate.
 Give me a storm : if it be love,
 Like Danaë in that golden shower,
 I swim in pleasure ; if it prove
 Disdain, that torrent will devour
 My vulture-hopes ; and he's possessed
 Of Heaven, that's but from Hell released.
 Then crown my joys, or cure my pain :
 Give me more love or more disdain !

Thomas Carew.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY

From Percy's *Reliques*. The dramatist Brome quoted it in 1635. Evans gives a longer version, *Old Ballads*, iii. 282.

OVER the mountains
 And over the waves,
 Under the fountains
 And under the graves ;

Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey ;
O'er rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie ;
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly ;
Where the midge dares not venture
Lest herself fast she lay ;
If love come, he will enter
And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
A child for his might ;
Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight ;
But if she whom love doth honour
Be concealed from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him
By having him confined ;
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind ;
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that you may,
Blind love, if so ye call him,
Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist ;
Or you may inveigle
The phoenix of the east ;

The lioness, ye may move her
To give o'er her prey ;
But you'll ne'er stop a lover :•
He will find out his way. •

Anonymous.

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD

Three verses out of five. The text varies considerably in old copies. Sir W. Scott, in Chapter xv. of *The Legend of Montrose*, gives a well-known version of the last verse. Montrose lived 1612-1650.

My dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
But purest monarchy ;
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in thy heart,
I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone :
My thoughts did ever more disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But, if thou wilt prove faithful then
And constant of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword ;

I'll serve thee in such noble ways
 Was never heard before ;
 I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
 'And love thee more and more.

James Graham, Marquis of Montrose.

THE BEST BELOVED

Stanza 3 is omitted.

E'EN like two little bank-dividing brooks,
 That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,
 And having ranged and searched a thousand
 nooks,

Meet both at length in silver-breasted Thames,
 Where in a greater current they conjoin :
 So I my Best-Beloved's am ; so He is mine.

E'en so we met ; and after long pursuit,
 E'en so we join'd ; we both became entire ;
 No need for either to renew a suit,
 For I was flax and he was flames of fire :
 Our firm-united souls did more than twine ;
 So I my Best-Beloved's am ; so He is mine.

If all those glittering Monarchs that command
 The servile quarters of this earthly ball,
 Should tender, in exchange, their shares of land,
 I would not change my fortunes for them all :
 Their wealth is but a counter to my coin :
 The world's but theirs ; but my Beloved's mine.
Francis Quarles.

EASTER^o

The Temple. Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations, from which all the poems that follow are taken, was published 1633, a year after Herbert's death.

RISE, heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise
Without delays,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
With him mayst rise,
That, as his death calcined thee to dust,
His life may make thee gold, and much more just,

Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part
With all thy art.
The Cross taught all wood to resound his name,
Who bore the same.
His stretched sinews taught all strings, what key
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Consort both heart and lute, and twist a song
Pleasant and long;
Or, since all music is but three parts vied
And multiplied,
O, let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with his sweet art!

I got me flowers to straw thy way,
I got me boughs off many a tree:
But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

The Sun arising in the East,
Though he give light, and th' East perfume,
If they should offer to contest
With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many suns to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we miss:
There is but one, and that one ever.

George Herbert.

VIRTUE

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye:
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie;
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

George Herbert.

THE QUIP

THE merry World did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together, where I lay,
And all in sport to jeer at me.

First, Beauty crept into a rose ;
Which, when I plucked not, ' Sir,' said she,
' Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those ?'—
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still,
' What tune is this, poor man ?' said he :
' I heard in Music you had skill.'
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by
In silks that whistled—who but he ?
He scarce allowed me half an eye—
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
And he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be short, make an oration—
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the hour of thy design
To answer these fine things shall come,
Speak not at large, say, I am Thine,
And then they have their answer home.

George Herbert.

MAN'S MEDLEY

HARK how the birds do sing,
And woods do ring :
All creatures have their joy, and man hath his.
Yet if we rightly measure,
Man's joy and pleasure
Rather hereafter than in present is.

To this life things of sense
 Make their pretence ;
 In th' other angels have a right by birth :
 Man ties them both alone,
 And makes them one
 With th' one hand touching heaven, with th'
 other earth.

In soul he mounts and flies,
 In flesh he dies.
 He wears a stuff whose thread is coarse and round,
 But trimm'd with curious lace,
 And should take place
 After¹ the trimming, not the stuff and ground.

Not that he may not here
 Taste of the cheer :
 But as birds drink and straight lift up their head,
 So must he sip and think
 Of better drink
 He may attain to after he is dead.

But as his joys are double,
 So is his trouble ;
 He hath two winters, other things but one :
 Both frosts and thoughts do nip
 And bite his lip ;
 And he of all things fears two deaths alone.

Yet ev'n the greatest griefs
 May be reliefs,
 Could he but take them right and in their ways.
 Happy is he whose heart
 Hath found the art
 To turn his double pains to double praise.

George Herbert.

¹ According to.

THE COLLAR

I STRUCK the board and cried, No more ;
 I will abroad.
What, shall I ever sigh and pine ?
My lines and life are free, free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.
 Shall I be still in suit ?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit ?
 Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did dry it ; there was corn
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the year only lost to me ?
Have I no bays to crown it ?
No flowers, no garlands gay ? All blasted ?
 All wasted ?
Not so, my heart ; but there is fruit,
 And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasure : leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit and not ; forsake thy cage,
 Thy rope of sands
Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable to enforce and draw
 And be thy law,
While thou dost wink and would'st not see.
 Away : take heed,
 I will abroad
Call in thy death's-head there : tie up thy fears.
 He that forbears
 To suit and serve his need
 Deserves his load.

But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild
 At every word,
 Methought I heard one calling ‘*Child!*’
 And I replied ‘*My Lord.*’

George Herbert.

THE PULLEY

WHEN God at first made man,
 Having a glass of blessings standing by,—
 Let us (said He) pour on him all we can;
 Let the world’s riches which dispersed lie
 Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way;
 Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honour, pleasure:
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Perceiving that, alone of all his treasure,
 Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said He)
 Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
 He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
 So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlessness;
 Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to My breast.

George Herbert.

LOVE •

LOVE bade me welcome ; yet my soul drew back,
 Guilty of dust and sin, .
 But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
 From my first entrance in,
 Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
 If I lacked anything.

‘A guest,’ I answered, ‘worthy to be here’ :
 Love said, ‘You shall be he.’

‘I, the unkind, ungrateful ? Ah, my dear,
 I cannot look on Thee.’

Love took my hand and smiling did reply,
 ‘Who made the eyes but I ?’

‘Truth, Lord ; but I have marred them : let my
 shame

Go where it doth deserve.’

‘And know you not,’ says Love, ‘Who bore the
 blame ?’

‘My dear, then I will serve.’

‘You must sit down,’ says Love, ‘and taste my
 meat.’

So I did sit and eat.

George Herbert.

TO LUCASTA GOING TO THE WARS

In his lifetime Lovelace published only *Lucasta*, 1649.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
 That from the nunnery
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
 To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field,
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore :
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

Richard Lovelace.

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON

WHEN love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates ;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered to her eye,
The gods that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames ;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King ;

When I shall voice aloud how good
 He is, how great should be,
 Enlarged winds that curl the flood,
 Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage ;
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for an hermitage :
 If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my soul am free,
 Angels alone that soar above
 Enjoy such liberty.

Richard Lovelace.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING BEYOND
 THE SEAS

If to be absent were to be
 Away from thee ;
 Or that when I am gone,
 You or I were alone ;
 Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
 Pity from blustering wind or swallowing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
 To swell my sail,
 Or pay a tear to suage
 The foaming blue-god's rage ;
 For, whether he will let me pass
 Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and land betwixt us both,
 Our faith and troth,

Like separated souls,
 All time and space controls.
 Above the highest sphere we meet,
 Unseen, unknown, and greet as angels greet.

So then we do anticipate
 Our after-fate,
 And are alive i' th' skies,
 If thus our lips and eyes
 Can speak like spirits unconfined
 In heaven, their earthly bodies left behind.
Richard Lovelace.

WISHES TO HIS SUPPOSED MISTRESS

From *The Delights of the Muses*, 1646. Fifteen stanzas omitted.

WHOE'ER she be
 That not impossible She
 That shall command my heart and me ;

Where'er she lie,
 Locked up from mortal eye
 In shady leaves of destiny ;

Till that ripe birth
 Of studied Fate stand forth
 And teach her fair steps tread our earth ;

Till that divine
 Idea, take a shrine
 Of crystal flesh, through which to shine ;

Meet you her, my Wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye called my absent kisses.

I wish her, beauty
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shoe-tie :

Something more than
Taffata or tissue can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan.

A face, that's best
By its own beauty drest,
And can alone command the rest :

A face made up
Out of no other shop
Than what Nature's white hand sets ope.

A cheek, where youth
And blood, with pen of truth,
Write what the reader sweetly rueth.

A cheek where grows
More than a morning rose,
Which to no box his being owes.

Lips, where all day
A lover's kiss may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away.

Eyes, that displace
The neighbour diamond, and outface
That sunshine by their own sweet grace.

Tresses, that wear
Jewels but to declare
How much themselves more precious are.

A well tamed heart,
For whose more noble smart
Love may be long choosing a dart.

Blushes that bin
The burnish of no sin,
Nor flames of aught too hot within.

Sydneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers.

Soft silken hours,
Open suns, shady bowers,
'Bove all, nothing within that lowers.

Whate'er delight
Can make Day's forehead bright,
Or give down to the wings of night.

Days that need borrow
No part of their good morrow,
From a fore-spent night of sorrow :

Days that, in spite
Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind are day all night.

Life that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes say, Welcome friend

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes ; and I wish—no more.

Now, if Time knows
That Her, whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows ;

Her that dares be
What these lines wish to see ;
I seek no further, it is She.

Such worth as this is
Shall fix my flying wishes,
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,
My fancies, fly before ye,
Be ye my fictions—but her story.
Richard Crashaw.

THE RETREAT

From *Silex Scintillans*, Pt. i., 1650.

HAPPY those early days, when I
Shined in my angel-infancy !
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought ;
When yet I had not walk'd above
A mile or two from my first Love,
And looking back, at that short space
Could see a glimpse of His bright face ;

When on some gilded cloud or flower
 My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
 And in those weaker glories spy
 Some shadows of eternity;
 Before I taught my tongue to wound
 My conscience with a sinful sound,
 Or had the black art to dispense
 A several sin to every sense,
 But felt through all this fleshly dress
 Bright shoots of everlastingness.

O, how I long to travel back,
 And tread again that ancient track!
 That I might once more reach that plain
 Where first I left my glorious train;
 From whence th' enlighten'd spirit sees
 That shady City of palm trees!
 But ah! my soul with too much stay
 Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
 Some men a forward motion love,
 But I by backward steps would move;
 And when this dust falls to the urn,
 In that state I came, return.

Henry Vaughan.

PEACE

From Sillex Scintillans, Pt. i.

My Soul, there is a country
 Far beyond the stars,
 Where stands a winged sentry
 All skilful in the wars:
 There above noise, and danger,
 Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,

And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious Friend, •
And—O my Soul, awake!—
Did in pure love descend
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of Peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress, and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges,
For none can thee secure
But One, Who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.
Henry Vaughan.

—
THE WORLD

From *Silex Scintillans*, Pt. i. The first seven lines and stanza 4.

I SAW Eternity the other night,
Like a great Ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright :—
And round beneath it, Time, in hours, days, years,
Driven by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow moved ; in which the World
And all her train were hurled.
Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
And sing and weep, soared up into the Ring ;
But most would use no wing.
O fools, said I, thus to prefer dark night
Before true light !
To live in grots and caves and hate the day
Because it shews the way,

The way, which from this dead and dark abode
 Leads up to God ;
 A way, where you might tread the Sun and be
 More bright than he !
 But as I did their madness so discuss
 One whispered thus :
 ' This Ring the Bridegroom did for none provide
 But for His bride.'

Henry Vaughan.

WITHIN THE VEIL

From Silex Scintillans, Pt. ii., 1655. Two verses are omitted.

THEY are all gone into the world of light !
 And I alone sit lingering here ;
 Their very memory is fair and bright,
 And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
 Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,
 After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
 Whose light doth trample on my days :
 My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
 Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope ! and high Humility,
 High as the heavens above !
 These are your walks, and you have show'd
 them me,
 To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death ! the jewel of the just,
Shining no where, but in the dark ;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest,
may know
At first sight, if the bird be flown ;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep ;
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes,
And into glory peep.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee !
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Henry Vaughan.

THE REVIVAL

From Thalia Rediviva, 1678.

UNFOLD ! unfold ! Take in His light,
Who makes thy cares more short than night.
The joys which with His day-star rise
He deals to all but drowsy eyes ;
And, what the men of this world miss,
Some drops and dews of future bliss.

Hark ! how His winds have changed their note,
And with warm whispers call thee out !
The frosts are past, the storms are gone,
And backward life at last comes on ;
The lofty groves in express joys
Reply unto the turtle's voice ;
And here in dust and dirt, O here,
The lilies of His love appear !

Henry Vaughan.

SONG

Sung by Orsames in *Aglaura*, a drama published 1638.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover ?
Prythee, why so pale ?
Will, if looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail ?
Prythee, why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?
Prythee, why so mute ?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't ?
Prythee, why so mute ?

Quit, quit, for shame ! this will not move,
This cannot take her ;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her :
The devil take her !

Sir John Suckling.

AN EVENING PRAYER

From the *Religio Medici* (1642) ii. 12, in the chapter 'Of Sleep.'
Sleep is 'so like death, I dare not trust it without my prayers,
and an half adieu unto the world, and take my farewell in a
colloquy with God':—

THE night is come, like to the day,
Depart not Thou, great God, away.
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of Thy light :
Keep still in Horizon ; for to me
The Sun makes not the day, but Thee.
Thou whose nature cannot sleep,
On my temples sentry keep ;
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes,
Whose eyes are open whilst mine close ;
Let no dreams my head infest,
But such as Jacob's temples blest.
While I do rest, my soul advance ;
Make my sleep a holy trance,
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought ;
And with as active vigour run
My course, as doth the nimble sun.
Sleep is a death. Oh, make me try
By sleeping, what it is to die !
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at last with Thee !
And thus assured, behold I lie
Securely, or to awake or die.
These are my drowsy days ; in vain
I do now awake to sleep again :

O come that hour when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake for ever.

‘This is the dormative I take to bedward; I need
no other laudanum than this to make me sleep.’

Sir Thomas Browne.

CORINNA’S GOING A-MAYING

Herrick published his works in one volume, containing *Noble Numbers* dated 1647, and *Hesperides* dated 1648.

GET up, get up for shame! The blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.

See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air:

Get up, sweet Slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.

Each flower has wept, and bow’d toward the east,
Above an hour since; yet you not drest,

Nay! not so much as out of bed?

When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns: ’tis sin,

Nay, profanation, to keep in,—

Whereas a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise; and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and green,

And sweet as Flora. Take no care

For jewels for your gown, or hair:

Fear not; the leaves will strew

Gems in abundance upon you:

Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,

Against you come, some orient pearls unwept:

Come, and receive them while the light

Hangs on the dew-locks of the night:

And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in
praying:
Few beads are best, when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come ; and coming, mark
How each field turns a street ; each street a park
Made green, and trimm'd with trees : see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch : each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove ;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street,
And open fields, and we not see't ?
Come, we'll abroad : and let's obey
The proclamation made for May :
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy, or girl, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have despatch'd their cakes and cream,
Before that we have left to dream :
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted
troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth :
Many a green-gown has been given ;
Many a kiss, both odd and even :
Many a glance too has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament :

Many a jest told of the keys betraying
 This night, and locks pick'd :—yet we're not a-
 Maying.

—Come, let us go, while we are in our prime ;
 And take the harmless folly of the time !

 We shall grow old apace, and die

 Before we know our liberty.

 Our life is short, and our days run

 As fast away as does the sun :—

And as a vapour, or a drop of rain
 Once lost, can ne'er be found again :

 So when or you or I are made

 A fable, song, or fleeting shade ;

 All love, all liking, all delight

 Lies drown'd with us in endless night.

Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,

Come, my Corinna ! come, let's go a-Maying.

Robert Herrick.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER

A SWEET disorder in the dress

Kindles in clothes a wantonness ;

A lawn about the shoulders thrown

Into a fine distraction ;

An erring lace, which here and there

Enthral's the crimson stomacher ;

A cuff neglectful, and thereby

Ribbons to flow confusedly ;

A winning wave, deserving note,

In the tempestuous petticoat ;

A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility ;—
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part.

Robert Herrick.

THE ROSE : A SONG

Go, happy Rose, and, interwove
With other flowers, bind my Love.
Tell her, too, she must not be
Longer flowing, longer free,
That so oft has fetter'd me.

Say, if she's fretful, I have bands
Of pearl and gold to bind her hands.
Tell her, if she struggle still,
I have myrtle rods (at will)
For to tame, though not to kill.

Take thou my blessing thus, and go
And tell her this—but do not so :
Lest a handsome anger fly
Like a lightning from her eye,
And burn thee up as well as I !

Robert Herrick.

TO ANTHEA, WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANYTHING

BID me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be ;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
 A heart as sound and free
 As in the whole world thou canst find,
 That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay
 To honour thy decree ;
 Or bid it languish quite away,
 And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
 While I have eyes to see ;
 And, having none, yet I will keep
 A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair
 Under that cypress-tree ;
 Or bid me die, and I will dare
 E'en death, to die for thee.

—Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
 The very eyes of me,
 And hast command of every part
 To live and die for thee.

Robert Herrick.

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME

GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may :
 Old Time is still a-flying,
 And this same flower that smiles to-day
 To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run, •
And nearer he's to setting. •

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer ;
But, being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry :
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

Robert Herrick.

TO DAFFODILS

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon :
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the evensong,
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.

We die,
As your hours do, and dry
• Away,
• Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.
Robert Herrick.

TO BLOSSOMS

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

• What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

Robert Herrick.

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT

IN the hour of my distress, •
When temptations me oppress, •
And when I my sins confess,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the artless doctor sees
No one hope, but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the passing bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fright a parting soul,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the priest his last hath pray'd,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decay'd,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When, God knows, I'm toss'd about
 Either with despair or doubt ;
 Yet, before the glass be out,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the tempter me pursu'th
 With the sins of all my youth,
 And half damns me with untruth,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the flames and hellish cries
 Fright mine ears and fright mine eyes,
 And all terrors me surprise,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the judgment is reveal'd,
 And that open'd which was seal'd,
 When to Thee I have appeal'd,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !
Robert Herrick.

GRACE FOR A CHILD

HERE, a little child, I stand
 Heaving up my either hand ;
 Cold as paddocks¹ though they be,
 Here I lift them up to Thee,
 For a benison to fall
 On our meat and on us all. Amen.
Robert Herrick.

¹ Frogs.

TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH
MORNING DEW •

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? can tears
 Speak grief in you,
 Who were but born
 Just as the modest morn
 Teem'd her refreshing dew?
 Alas! you have not known that shower
 That mars a flower;
 Nor felt th' unkind
 Breath of a blasting wind;
 Nor are ye worn with years,
 Or warp'd as we,
 Who think it strange to see
 Such pretty flowers, such like to orphans young,
 To speak by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimp'ring younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep.
Is it for want of sleep
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweetheart to this?
No, no, this sorrow shown
By your tears shed
Would have this lecture read:
That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceiv'd with grief are, and with tears brought forth.

Robert Herrick.

TO LIVE MERRILY AND TO TRUST
, TO GOOD VERSES

Now is the time for mirth,
Nor cheek or tongue be dumb ;
For, with the flowery earth,
The golden pomp is come.

The golden pomp is come ;
For now each tree does wear,
Made of her pap and gum,
Rich beads of amber here.

Now rains the rose, and now
The Arabian dew besmears
My uncontrolled brow
And my retorted hairs.

Homer, this health to thee,
In sack of such a kind
That it would make thee see,
Though thou wert ne'er so blind !

Next, Virgil I'll call forth
To pledge this second health
In wine, whose each cup's worth
An Indian commonwealth.

A goblet next I'll drink
To Ovid, and suppose,
Made he the pledge, he'd think
The world had all one nose.

Then this immensive cup
 Of aromatic wine,
 Catullus ! I quaff up
 To that terse muse of thine !

Wild I am now with heat :
 O Bacchus, cool thy rays ;
 Or, frantic, I shall eat
 Thy thyrses, and bite the bays !

Round, round the roof does run,
 And, being ravish'd thus,
 Come, I will drink a tun
 To my Propertius.

Now, to Tibullus next,
 'This flood I drink to thee !
 But stay, I see a text
 That this presents to me :—

'Behold, Tibullus lies
 Here burnt, whose small return
 Of ashes scarce suffice
 To fill a little urn.'

Trust to good verses then :
 They only will aspire,
 When pyramids, as men,
 Are lost i' the funeral fire ;

And when all bodies meet
 In Lethe to be drown'd,
 Then only numbers sweet
 With endless life are crown'd.

Robert Herrick.

THE CHILD'S DEATH

HE did but float a little way
Adown the stream of time ;
With dreamy eyes watching the ripples play,
Or listening to their chime.
His slender sail
Scarce felt the gale ;
He did but float a little way,
And, putting to the shore,
While yet 'twas early day,
Went calmly on his way,
To dwell with us no more.
No jarring did he feel,
No grating on his vessel's keel ;
A strip of yellow sand
Mingled the waters with the land,
Where he was seen no more ;
O stern word, Never more !
Full short his journey was ; no dust
Of earth unto his sandals gave ;
The weary weight, that old men must,
He bore not to the grave.
He seem'd a cherub who had lost his way
And wander'd hither ; so his stay
With us was short ; and 'twas most meet
That he should be no delver in earth's clod,
Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet
To stand before his God.

Anonymous.

DEATH'S MIGHT

From the Masque, *Cupid and Death*, 1653.

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are ;
Though you bind in every shore
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day,
Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Devouring Famine, Plague, and War,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are ;
Nor to these alone confined,
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle ways to kill ;
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.
James Shirley.

DIRGE

From *The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses*, 1659.

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against Fate ;
Death lays his icy hand on kings :
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
 But their strong nerves at last must yield—
 They tame but one another still :
 Early or late,
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath,
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds !
 Upon Death's purple altar now,
 See where the victor-victim bleeds !
 Your heads must come
 To the cold tomb ;
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

James Shirley.

ON THE DEATH OF MR WILLIAM HERVEY

Eight verses out of nineteen. The poem occurs in *Miscellanies*, the first part of the folio edition of Cowley's *Works* in 1656.

It was a dismal and a fearful night,—
 Scarce could the Morn drive on th' unwilling light,
 When sleep, death's image, left my troubled breast,
 By something liker death possest.
 My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
 And on my soul hung the dull weight
 Of some intolerable fate.
 What bell was that? Ah me! Too much I
 know!

My sweet companion, and my gentle peer,
Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy end for ever, and my life, to moan ?

O thou hast left me all alone !

Thy soul and body, when death's agony
Besieged around thy noble heart,
Did not with more reluctance part
Than I, my dearest friend, do part from thee.

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say,
Have ye not seen us walking every day ?

Was there a tree about which did not know
The love betwixt us two ?

Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade,
Or your sad branches thicker join,
And into darksome shades combine,
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid.

Large was his soul ; as large a soul as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here ;
High as the place 'twas shortly in Heaven to have,
But low and humble as his grave ;

So high that all the virtues there did come
As to the chiefest seat
Conspicuous, and great ;

So low that for me too it made a room.

Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,
As if for him knowledge had rather sought ;
Nor did more learning ever crowded lie
In such a short mortality.

Whene'er the skilful youth discoursed or writ,
Still did the notions throng
About his eloquent tongue ;

Nor could his ink flow faster than his wit.

His mirth was the pure spirits of various wit,
 Yet never did his God or friends forget.
 And when deep talk and wisdom came in view,
 Retired, and gave to them their due.
 For the rich help of books he always took,
 Though his own searching mind before
 Was so with notions written o'er,
 As if wise Nature had made that her book.

With as much zeal, devotion, piety,
 He always lived, as other saints do die.
 Still with his soul severe account he kept,
 Weeping all debts out ere he slept.
 Then down in peace and innocence he lay,
 Like the sun's laborious light,
 Which still in water sets at night,
 Unsullied with his journey of the day.

But happy thou, ta'en from this frantic age,
 Where ignorance and hypocrisy does rage!
 A fitter time for heaven no soul ere chose,
 The place now only free from those.
 There 'mong the blest thou dost for ever shine,
 And wheresoe'er thou cast thy view
 Upon that white and radiant crew,
 See'st not a soul cloth'd with more light than thine.
Abraham Cowley.

ON A GIRDLE

The first edition of Waller's Poems was in 1645.

THAT which her slender waist confined
 Shall now my joyful temples bind:
 No monarch but would give his crown
 His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer :
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass ! And yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair !
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the Sun goes round.

Edmund Waller.

GO, LOVELY ROSE

Go, lovely Rose—
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her, that's young
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That, hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired :
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die—that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee :
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

Edmund Waller.

HYMN ON THE MORNING OF ‘CHRIST’S NATIVITY

Begun on Christmas Day, 1629, when Milton, aged twenty-one,
was a B.A. of two years’ standing.

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathise:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw;
Confounded, that her Maker’s eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace:
She, crowned with olive green, came softly
sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around ;
The idle spear and shield were high uphung ;
The hooked ¹ chariot stood •
Unstained with hostile blood ;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng ;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

•
But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.
The winds, with wonder whist,²
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer ³ that often warned them thence ;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And, though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The Sun himself withheld his wonted speed,

¹ With scythes or hooks fixed in it.

² Hushed.

³ Morning star.

And hid his head for shame,
 As his inferior flame
 The new-enlightened world no more should
 need :
 He saw a greater Sun appear
 Than his bright throne or burning axletree could
 bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
 Or ere the point of dawn,¹
 Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;
 Full little thought they than
 That the mighty Pan ¹
 Was kindly come to live with them below :
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
 Their hearts and ears did greet
 As never was by mortal finger strook,
 Divinely-warbled voice
 Answering the stringed noise,
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took :
 The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly
 close.

Nature, that heard such sound
 Beneath the hollow round
 Of Cynthia's seat the airy region thrilling,
 Now was almost won
 To think her part was done,
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling :

¹ The God of Shepherds, and therefore applied to
 Christ as the Good Shepherd.

She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced Night
arrayed ;
The helmed Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born
Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made
But when of old the Sons of Morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced World on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel
keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres !
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so ;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time ;
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow ;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back and fetch the Age of
Gold ;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die ;
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould ;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering
day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down
steering ;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace-hall.

But wisest Fate says No,
This must not yet be so ;
The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss,
So both himself and us to glorify :
Yet first, to those ychained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through
the deep,

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds
outbrake :

The aged Earth, aghast
 With terror of that blast,
 Shall from the surface to the centre shake,
 When, at the world's last session,
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his
 throne.

And then at last our bliss
 Full and perfect is,
 But now begins ; for from this happy day
 The Old Dragon under ground,
 In straiter limits bound,
 Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
 And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
 Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The Oracles are dumb ;
 No voice or hideous hum
 Runs through the arched roof in words
 deceiving.
 Apollo from his shrine
 Can no more divine,
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos
 leaving.
 No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
 Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic
 cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
 And the resounding shore,
 A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;
 From haunted spring, d d dale
 Edged with poplar pale
 The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;

With flower-inwoven tresses torn
 The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
 mourn.

In consecrated earth,
 And on the holy hearth,
 The Lars¹ and Lemures² moan with mid-
 night plaint ;
 In urns, and altars round, .
 A drear and dying sound
 Affrights the flamens³ at their service quaint ;
 And the chill marble seems to sweat,
 While each peculiar Power forgoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim
 Forsake their temples dim,
 With that twice-battered God of Palestine ;
 And mooned Ashtaroth,
 • Heaven's queen and mother both,
 Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine ;
 The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn ;
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thamnuz
 mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
 Hath left in shadows dread
 His burning idol all of blackest hue :
 In vain with cymbal's ring
 They call the grisly king,
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue ;
 The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
 Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

¹ Family gods.² Ghosts.³ Priests.

Nor is Osiris seen
 In Memphian grove or green,
 Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings
 loud ;
 Nor can he be at rest
 Within his sacred chest ;
 Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud ;
 In vain, with timbrelled anthems dark,
 The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipped ark.

He feels from Juda's land
 The dreaded Infant's hand ;
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;
 Nor all the gods beside
 Longer dare abide,
 Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :
 • Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
 Can in his swaddling bands control the damned
 crew.

So, when the sun in bed,
 Curtained with cloudy red
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale
 Troop to the infernal jail,
 Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave,
 And the yellow-skirted fays
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-
 loved maze.

But see ! the Virgin blest
 Hath laid her Babe to rest.
 Time is our tedious song should here have
 ending :

Heaven's youngest-teemed ¹ star
 Hath fixed her polished car,
 Her, sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp
 attending;
 And all about the courtly stable
 Bright-harnessed Angels sit in order serviceable.
John Milton.

ON TIME

Composed about 1630. The original MS. adds to the title 'To be set on a Clock-case.'

Fly, envious Time, till thou run out thy race :
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping Hours,
 Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace ; ²
 And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
 Which is no more than what is false and vain,
 And merely mortal dross ;
 So little is our loss,
 So little is thy gain !
 For, whenas each thing bad thou hast entombed,
 And, last of all, thy greedy self consumed,
 Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
 With an individual ³ kiss,
 And Joy shall overtake us as a flood ;
 When every thing that is sincerely good
 And perfectly divine,
 With Truth, and Peace, and Love, shall ever
 shine
 About the supreme throne

¹ Youngest-born

² *i.e.* the pace of the leaden weights as they go up and down.

³ Indivisible, never to be divided.

Of Him, to whose happy-making sight alone
When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb,
Then, all this earthly grossness quit, •
Attired with stars we shall for ever sit, •
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee,
O Time!

John Milton.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC

Composed 1630.

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mixed power employ,
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce ;
And to our high-raised phantasy present
• That undisturbed song of pure concent,¹
Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee ;
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the Cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly :
That we on Earth, with undiscording voice,
May rightly answer that melodious noise ;
As once we did, till disproportioned sin
Jarred against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made

¹ From Latin *concentus*, a harmony. • The 1645 *Poems* printed 'content.'

To their great Lord, whose love their motion
swayed

In perfect diapason,¹ whilst they stood

In first obedience, and their state of good.

O, may we soon again renew that song,

And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long

To His celestial consort² us unite,

To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light!

John Milton.

L'ALLEGRO

Composed soon after Milton went to Horton, near Windsor, where he resided 1632-1638. 'Allegro' in Italian meant 'joyful.'

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,

Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born

In Stygian cave forlorn

'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sighs
unholy!

Find out some uncouth cell,

Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous
wings,

And the night raven sings;

There, under ebon shades and low-brow'd rocks,

As ragged as thy locks,

In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou Goddess fair and free,

In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,

And by men, heart-easing Mirth;

Whom lovely Venus at a birth

With two sister Graces more

To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore!

¹ 'Diapason' in music is 'the octave or interval which includes all the notes of the scale.'

² From Latin *consortium*, 'company or society.'

Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing, •
As he met her once a-Maying, •
There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom,¹ blithe, and debonair.¹
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,²

¹ 'Buxom' and 'debonair' both have originally the meaning of 'meek.'

² *i.e.* the lark is to bid good-morrow; the idea is probably taken from Sylvester's *Du Bartas*.

Through the sweetbriar or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine ;
While the cock with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin ;
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before :
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill :
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures :
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest ;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

Hard by a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the chequered shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong day-light fail:
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How Faery Mab the junkets eat.
She was pinched, and pulled, she said;
And he, by Friar's lantern led;
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.

Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
Tow'ring cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry ;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony ;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear

Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half-regain'd Eurydice.
 These delights if thou can'st give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

John Milton.

IL PENNEROSO

A companion piece to L'Allegro. In Milton's day 'penseroso' was current Italian for 'pensive,' 'musing.'

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,
 The brood of Folly without father bred !
 How little you bestead
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys !
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
 Or likest hovering dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
 But hail, thou goddess sage and holy !
 Hail, divinest melancholy !
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 'To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue ;
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's¹ sister might beseem,
 Or that starred Ethiop queen² that strove
 To set her beauty's praise above
 The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended.

¹ Memnon, Prince of Ethiopia, was of splendid beauty.

² Cassiopea, mother of Andromeda.

Yet thou art higher far descended :
Thee bright-haired Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore ;
His daughter she ; in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain.
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cipres¹ lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come ; but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :
There, held in holy passion still,
Forgot thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing ;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ;
But first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,

¹ Cipres : Milton's spelling. He apparently took the word to mean, 'coming from Cyprus.'

The cherub Contemplation ;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song, •
In her sweetest saddest plight, •
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy !
Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song ;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off Curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar ;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear

With thrice-great Hermes,¹ or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook ;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musaeus from his bower ;
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek
And make Hell grant what Love did seek !
Or call up him that left half-told²
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass ;
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride ;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,

¹ A mythical Egyptian king called Hermes by the Greeks. The books ascribed to him were written by Neo-Platonists.

² Chaucer. His *Squire's Tale* is meant.

Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
'Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not trick'd and frownc'd as she was wont
With the Attic boy ¹ to hunt,
But kercheft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves
With minute-drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep.
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings,² in airy stream

¹ Cephalus, lover of Aurora.

² The dream is personified as waving, *i.e.*, hovering, at the wings of Sleep. The wings fan the ideas of the dream down upon the eyes of the sleeper.

Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid ;
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy-proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

John Milton.

THE SONG OF COMUS

Comus. 'A Masque, presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634, before the Earl of Bridgewater, Lord President of Wales.'

THE star that bids the shepherd fold •
Now the top of heaven doth hold,
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream,
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the east.
Meanwhile welcome joy and feast,
Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed ;
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave saws, in slumber lie.
We, that are of purer fire,
Imitate the starry quire,
Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move ;
And, on the tawny sands and shelves,
Trip the pert faeries and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook and fountain-brim,
The wood nymphs, decked with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep :
What hath night to do with sleep ?
Night hath better sweets to prove ;

Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
Come, let us our rites begin ;
'Tis only daylight that makes sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
Hail, Goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veiled Cotytto, to whom the secret flame
Of midnight torches burns ! Mysterious dame,
That ne'er art called but when the dragon womb
Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air !
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou ridest with Hecate, and befriend
Us thy vowed priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out ;
Ere the babbling eastern scout,
The nice Morn, on the Indian steep,
From her cabined loophole peep,
And to the tell-tale Sun descry
Our concealed solemnity !
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round !

John Milton.

THE INVOCATION TO SABRINA

From Comus.

SABRINA fair,
Listen, where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braid of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair ;
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen, and save !
Listen, and appear to us,

In name of great Oceanus,
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys' grave majestic pace ;
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook ;
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell ;
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands ;
By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,
And the songs of Sirens sweet ;
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligeia's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond-rocks,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks ;
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance ;
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answered have.

Listen and save !

John Milton.

THE LAST CHORUS OF COMUS

The dances ended, the Spirit epiloguises

To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky.
There I suck the liquid air,
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree.

Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;
The Graces, and the rosy-bosomed Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring.
There eternal summer dwells,
And west-winds with musky wing
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purpled ¹ scarf can shew.
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List, mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound,
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen.
But far above, in spangled sheen,
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced
Holds his dear Psyche, sweet entranced
After her wandering labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Makes her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done:
I can fly or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend,

¹ "Flourished or wrought upon with a needle, from the O.F. *pourfiler*."

And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue ; she alone is free.
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime ;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

John Milton.

LYCIDAS

'In this Monody the author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637 ; and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted Clergy, then in their height.' 'Lycidas' was written in the autumn of 1637. The sub-title was added by Milton in 1645.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due ;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer !
Who would not sing for Lycidas ? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well¹
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring ;

¹ The Pierian springs beneath Mount Olympus, the original birth-place of the Muses ; or the fountain of Aganippe, beneath the altar of Zeus on Mount Helicon.

Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse :
So may some gentle Muse¹
With lucky words favour my destined urn,
And, as he passes, turn
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud !

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,²
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill ;
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
'Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering
wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute ;
Tempered to the oaten flute,
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long ;
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.

But, O ! the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone and never must return !
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.

¹ ' Muse ' here = ' poet.'

² Edward King was fellow of Christ's College ;
' Lycidas ' was one of a series of poems published 1638
in his memory.

As killing as the canker to the rose,
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the white-thorn blows ;
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless
 deep
 Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona¹ high,
 Nor yet where Deva² spreads her wizard stream.
 Ay me ! I fondly dream
 'Had ye been there' . . . for what could that
 have done ?

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal nature did lament,
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with uncessant care
 To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Naxos's hair ?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
 (That last infirmity of noble minds)³

¹ The Isle of Anglesey.

² The river Dee between England and Wales, by the state of its banks, was supposed to foretell England's fortune.

³ Compare Tacitus, *Hist.* iv. 6. "Etiam sapientibus cupido gloriæ novissima exuitur."

To scorn delights and live laborious days ;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
 And slits the thin-spun life. ' But not the praise,'
 Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears :
 ' Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistening foil
 Set off to the world,¹ nor in broad rumour lies,
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.'

O fountain Arethuse,² and thou honoured flood,
 Smooth-sliding Mincius,³ crowned with vocal reeds,
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood.
 But now my oar proceeds,
 And listens to the Herald of the Sea,
 That came in Neptune's plea.
 He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
 What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?
 And questioned every gust of rugged wings
 That blows from off each beaked promontory.
 They knew not of his story ;
 And sage Hippotades⁴ their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed :
 The air was calm, and on the level brine
 Sleek Panope⁵ with all her sisters played.
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark,

¹ 'Nor (lies) in the glistening foil set off to the world.' The 'foil' is the *leaf* of metal which sets off what is fixed in it.

² The fountain of Sicilian pastoral poetry.

³ Virgil's river.

⁴ Son of Hippotes, *i.e.* Æolus, god of the winds.

⁵ One of the fifty daughters of Nereus.

Built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next, Camus,¹ reverend sire, went foaming slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
'Ah! who hath reft,' quoth he, 'my dearest pledge?'
Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean Lake;²
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:—
'How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how
to hold

A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They
are sped;

And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.'

Return, Alpheus; the dread voice is past

¹ God of the river Cam.

² St Peter.

That shrunk thy streams ! Return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues !
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears ;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For so, to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise,
Ay me ! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled ;
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus¹ old,
Where the great Vision of the guarded mount²
Looks toward Namancos³ and Bayona's hold.

¹ Bellerium was Land's End ; Bellerus the god of the region.

² St Michael's Mount, opposite Marazion, has a cleft in it called ' St Michael's chair,' where a vision of the Archangel has been occasionally seen.

³ These are towns on the north coast of Spain.

Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth :
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star, in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky ;
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the
waves,

Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals grey :
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay.
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue :
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

John Milton.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS IN- TENDED TO THE CITY

Composed in November 1642, perhaps on Saturday the 12th, when the army of the King and Prince Rupert came as near as Brentford. The parliamentary troops went out to repulse the King, and the two armies 'stood many hours in battalia facing one another.'

CAPTAIN, or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee; for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:
The great Emathian¹ conquerer bid spare
The house of Pindarus,² when temple and tower
Went to the ground: and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet³ had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

John Milton.

¹ Emathia was the poetic name of Macedonia.

² Dion Chrysostom says that Alexander the Great, 'when he razed Thebes, left only Pindar's house standing, ordering the inscription to be put up, "Do not burn the house of Pindar, the maker of poems."'

³ Plutarch (*Life of Lysander*) relates that in B.C. 404, after Ægospotami, the Thebans proposed to raze Athens. But a man of Phocis, by reciting a chorus from the Electra of Euripides (*Elect.* 167) caused a revulsion of feeling and saved the city. Browning uses the tale in *Balaustion's Adventure*.

TO THE LADY MARGARET, LEY

Composed 1644 or 1645. Phillips says that when Milton's wife left him, 'our author, now as it were a single man again, made it his chief diversion now and then in an evening to visit the Lady Margaret Ley. This lady, being a woman of great wit and ingenuity, had a particular honour for him, and took much delight in his company, as likewise her husband, Captain Hobson, a very accomplished gentleman; and what esteem he (Milton) at the same time had for her appears by a sonnet he made in praise of her.'

DAUGHTER to that good Earl, once President
Of England's Council and her Treasury,¹
Who lived in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
And left them both, more in himself content,
Till the sad breaking of that Parliament
Broke him, as that dishonest² victory
At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,
Kill'd with report that old man eloquent;³—
Though later born than to have known the
days
Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you,
Madam, methinks I see him living yet;

¹ James Ley, born 1550, was an eminent lawyer who became Lord High Treasurer, 1624, and President of the Council, 1628. In 1624 he was created Lord Ley, of Ley in Devonshire, and in 1626 Earl of Marlborough. He died March 1628-9, immediately after the dissolution of Charles's third parliament.

² Disgraceful.

³ Philostratus (*Lives of the Sophists*, xvii.) says of Isocrates, 'he died at Athens, almost a hundred years old, and must be counted among those who have fallen in war; for he died after the battle of Chæronea, not being able to bear the report of the defeat of the Athenians.'

So well your words his noble virtues praise,
 That all both judge you to relate them true,
 And to possess them, honour'd Margaret.

John Milton.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEMONT

This Sonnet was written in 1655. Milton wrote the letters and despatches by which Cromwell stopped the persecution of the Vaudois, begun in January by Charles Emmanuel II., Duke of Savoy. A national fast and subscription in aid of the sufferers was ordered by Cromwell.

AVENGE, O Lord, Thy slaughter'd saints, whose
 bones

Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
 Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old
 When all our fathers worshipped stocks and
 stones,

Forget not: in Thy book record their groans
 Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their
 moans

The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes
 sow

O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple Tyrant: that from these may grow
 A hundred-fold, who, having learnt Thy way,
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.¹

John Milton.

¹ The Puritans regarded the Church of Rome as the mystical Babylon of the Apocalypse, and 1 *Pet.* v. 13.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

Milton's total blindness dated from about March, 1652, when an assistant secretary was appointed by the Council of State. This sonnet follows that on the Piedmontese Massacre in the 1673 volume, which suggests 1655 as its date of composition.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He returning chide,—
 'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?'
 I fondly¹ ask. But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
 Either man's work or His own gifts. Who best
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state
 Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,²
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest:—
 They also serve who only stand and wait.'

John Milton.

TO MR LAWRENCE³

Composed about 1656, when Milton resided at a house in Petty France, Westminster, now 19 York Street. It is the only one of Milton's London residences which remains standing.

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,
 Now that the fields are dank and ways are mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help waste a sullen day, what may be won

¹ Foolishly.

² Cf.

'Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
 Unseen both when we wake and when we sleep.'

—*Paradise Lost*, iv. 677.

³ This is probably Henry, the second son of Henry

From the hard season gaining? Time will run
 On smoother, till Favonius¹ re-inspire
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
 The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
 To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft,² is not unwise.

John Milton.

TO CYRIACK SKINNER

Written, Masson thinks, about the same time as the sonnet to Lawrence. Among the friends who visited Milton in his house in Petty France Phillips mentions 'above all, Mr Cyriack Skinner'; he was the son of a London Merchant and perhaps one of Milton's pupils.

CYRIACK, whose grandsire³ on the royal bench
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause,
 Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,
 Which others at their bar so often wrench;
 To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
 In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
 Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
 And what the Swede intend, and what the French.⁴

Lawrence, president of Cromwell's Council in 1654. Phillips mentions young Henry Lawrence as one of Milton's visitors.

¹ South-west wind.

² Refrain from using them too frequently.

³ Skinner's mother was a daughter of the famous judge, Sir Edward Coke.

⁴ Probably Charles X. and Louis XIV.

To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way ;
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

John Milton.

BERMUDAS

Marvell's poems were not collected till 1681. He died 1678.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that row'd along
The listening winds received this song.
'What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own ?
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage :
He gave us this eternal Spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows :
He makes the figs our mouths to meet
And throws the melons at our feet ;
But apples plants of such a price,

No tree could ever bear them twice.
 With cedars chosen by His hand
 From Lebanon He stores the land;
 And makes the hollow seas that roar
 Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
 He cast (of which we rather boast)
 The Gospel's pearl upon our coast;
 And in these rocks for us did frame
 A temple where to sound His name.
 Oh! let our voice His praise exalt
 Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
 Which thence (perhaps) rebounding may
 Echo beyond the Mexique bay!
 —Thus sung they in the English boat
 An holy and a cheerful note:
 And all the way, to guide their chime,
 With falling oars they kept the time.

Andrew Marvell.

THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH OF HER FAWN

THE wanton troopers riding by
 Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
 Ungentle men! they cannot thrive
 Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst alive
 Them any harm, alas! nor could
 Thy death yet do them any good.

With sweetest milk and sugar first
 I it at my own fingers nursed;
 And as it grew, so every day
 It wax'd more white and sweet than they.
 It had so sweet a breath! and oft

I blush'd to see its foot more soft
And white,—shall I say,—than my hand?
Nay, any lady's of the land!
It is a wondrous thing how fleet :
'Twas on those little silver feet :
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race :
And when 't had left me far away
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay :
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.
I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness :
And all the spring-time of the year
It only loved to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie ;
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes :
For in the flaxen lilies' shade
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips e'en seem to bleed :
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold :
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without—roses within.

Andrew Marvell.

THE GARDEN

Described as 'translated' from his own Latin, which, however, omits the finest stanzas.

How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
And their uncessant labours see
Crown'd from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow-verged shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid ;
While all the flowers and trees do close
To weave the garlands of Repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence thy sister dear !
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men :
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow :
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name :
Little, alas, they know or heed
How far these beauties hers exceed !
Fair trees ! wheres'e'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passions' heat
Love hither makes his best retreat :

The gods, who mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race ;
Apollo hunted Daphne so
Only that she might laurel grow ;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead !
Ripe apples drop about my head ;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine ;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach ;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness ;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find ;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas ;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside
My soul into the boughs does glide ;
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state
 While man there walk'd without a mate :
 After a place so pure and sweet,
 What other help could yet be meet !
 But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
 To wander solitary there :
 Two paradises 'twere in one,
 To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
 Of flowers and herbs this dial new !
 Where, from above, the milder sun
 Does through a fragrant zodiac run :
 And, as it works, th' industrious bee
 Computes its time as well as we.
 How could such sweet and wholesome hours
 Be reckon'd, but with herbs and flowers !

Andrew Marvell.

AN HORATIAN ODE
 UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN
 FROM IRELAND

Written probably in June, 1650.

THE forward youth that would appear
 Must now forsake his Muses dear,
 Nor in the shadows sing
 His numbers languishing :

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
 And oil the unused armour's rust,
 Removing from the wall
 The corselet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
 But through adventurous war,
 Urged his active star ;

And, like the three-forked lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
 Did thorough his own side ¹
 His fiery way divide :

For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous or enemy,
 And with such to enclose
 Is more than to oppose !

'Then burning through the air he went,
And palaces and temples rent ;
 And Cæsar's head at last
 Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry Heaven's flame ;
 And if we would speak true,
 Much to the man is due,

Who from his private gardens, where
He lived reserved and austere,
 (As if his highest plot
 To plant the bergamot,²)

Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of Time,
 And cast the kingdoms old
 Into another mould.

¹ His own party.

² Pear tree.

Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain
 (But those do hold or break,
 As men are strong or weak),

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
 And therefore must make room
 Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war,
Where his were not the deepest scar?
 And Hampton shows what part
 He had of wiser art,

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
 That Charles himself might chase
 To Carisbrook's narrow case,¹

That thence the royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn :
 While round the armed bands
 Did clap their bloody hands.

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
 But with his keener eye
 The axe's edge did try ;

Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right,
 But bowed his comely head
 Down, as upon a bed.

¹ Trap or cage.

This was that memorable hour
Which first assured the forced power :
 So, when they did design ,
 The Capitol's first line,

A bleeding head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run ;
 And yet in that the State
 Foresaw its happy fate !

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed :
 So much one man can do
 That doth both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confessed
 How good he is, how just,
 And fit for highest trust.

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the Republic's hand
 (How fit he is to sway,
 That can so well obey !),

He to the Commons' feet presents
A kingdom for his first year's rents,
 And (what he may) forbears
 His fame to make it theirs ;

And has his sword and spoils ungirt
To lay them at the public's skirt.
 So when the falcon high
 Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more doth search
But on the next green bough to perch,
Where, when he first does lure,
'The falconer has her sure.

What may not then our isle presume,
While victory his crest does plume?
What may not others fear,
If thus he crowns each year?

As Cæsar he, ere long, to Gaul,
To Italy an Hannibal,
And to all states not free
Shall climactèric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his parti-coloured mind,
But from this valour sad
Shrink underneath the plaid :

Happy if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake,
Nor lay his hounds in near
The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the war's and fortune's son,
March indefatigably on,
And for the last effect,
Still keep the sword erect !

Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
The same arts that did gain
A power must it maintain.

Andrew Marvell.

PHYLLIS

Sedley's *Works*, poetical and dramatic, were collected in 1719.
He died 1701.

PHYLLIS is my only joy,
Faithless as the winds or seas,
Sometimes cunning, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please :
If with a frown
I am cast down,
Phyllis, smiling
And beguiling,
Makes me happier than before.

Though alas ! too late I find
Nothing can her fancy fix ;
Yet the moment she is kind
I forgive her with her tricks,
Which though I see,
I can't get free :
She deceiving,
I believing,
What need lovers wish for more ?
Charles Sedley.

CONSTANCY

Rochester's poems were collected by his friends in a volume
published 1691, eleven years after his death.

I CANNOT change, as others do,
Though you unjustly scorn,
Since that poor swain that sighs for you,
For you alone was born ;

No, Phyllis, no, your heart to move
 A surer way I'll try,
 And, to revenge my slighted love,
 Will still love on, and die.

When, kill'd with grief, Amintas lies,
 And you to mind shall call
 The sighs that now unpitied rise,
 The tears that vainly fall,
 That welcome hour that ends his smart
 Will then begin your pain,
 For such a faithful tender heart
 Can never break in vain.

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester.

HYMN TO DARKNESS

HAIL thou most sacred venerable thing !
 What Muse is worthy thee to sing ?
 Thee, from whose pregnant universal womb
 All things, ev'n Light, thy rival, first did come.
 What dares he not attempt that sings of thee,
 Thou first and greatest mystery ?
 Who can the secrets of thy essence tell ?
 Thou, like the light of God, art inaccessible.

Before great Love this monument did raise,
 This ample theatre of praise ;
 Before the folding circles of the sky
 Were tuned by Him, Who is all harmony ;
 Before the morning Stars their hymn began,
 Before the council held for man,
 Before the birth of either time or place,
 Thou reign'st unquestion'd monarch in the empty
 space.

Thy native lot thou didst to Light resign,
But still half of the globe is thine.
Here with a quiet, but yet awful hand,
Like the best emperors thou dost command.
To thee the stars above their brightness owe,
And mortals their repose below :
To thy protection fear and sorrow flee,
And those that weary are of light, find rest in thee.
John Norris.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST, OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC

The Musical Society, formed in 1680, observed an annual festival on St Cecilia's Day (2nd November). Dryden wrote for it the Song for St Cecilia's Day in 1687, and Alexander's Feast in 1697.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son :
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne.
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles
bound,
(So should desert in arms be crown'd) ;
The lovely Thais by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride :—
Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave
None but the brave
None but the brave deserves the fair !

Timotheus placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :
The trembling notes ascend the sky
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above—
Such is the power of mighty love !
A dragon's fiery form belied the god ;
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode
When he to fair Olympia prest,
And while he sought her snowy breast,
Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of
the world.

—The listening crowd admire the lofty sound ;
A present deity ! they shout around :
A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound :
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears ;
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician
sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :
The jolly god in triumph comes ;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums !
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face :
Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he
comes !
Bacchus, ever fair and young,

Drinking joys did first ordain ;
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain ;
 Fought all his battles o'er again,
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he
 slew the slain !

The master saw the madness rise,
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
 And while he heaven and earth defied
 Changed his hand and check'd his pride.
 He chose a mournful muse
 Soft pity to infuse :
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltering in his blood ;
 Deserted at his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed ;
 On the bare earth exposed he lies
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 —With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
 Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of chance below ;
 And now and then a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
 That love was in the next degree ;

'Twas but a kindred-sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble ;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying ;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying :
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee !
—The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :
At length with love and wine at once oppress'd
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again :
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain !
Break his bands of sleep asunder
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark ! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head :
As awaked from the dead
And amazed he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise !
See the snakes that they rear
How they hiss in their hair,

And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand !
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain :
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew !
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
—The princes applaud with a furious joy :
And the King seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
Thais led the way
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen, fired another Troy !

* —Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame ;
The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
—Let old Timotheus yield the prize
Or both divide the crown ;
He raised a mortal to the skies ;
She drew an angel down !

John Dryden.

AN ODE

Prior's *Poems* were published 1709, and afterwards added to.

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,
 Conveys it in a borrow'd name :
 Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
 But Chloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre
 Upon Euphelia's toilet lay—
 When Chloe noted her desire
 That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
 But with my numbers mix my sighs ;
 And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
 I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blush'd : Euphelia frown'd :
 I sung, and gazed ; I play'd, and trembled :
 And Venus to the Loves around
 Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

Matthew Prior.

ODE ON SOLITUDE

Pope says, 'This was a very early production of our author, written at about twelve years old.'

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire ;
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years, slide soft away
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease
 Together mixt, sweet recreation,
 And innocence, which most does please
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ;
 Thus unlamented let me die ;
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.

Alexander Pope.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL

Printed in 1756, but said to have been composed in 1712. It is an imitation from the Christian point of view of Hadrian's lines, "Animula, vagula, blandula," &c.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, O, quit this mortal frame !
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 O, the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

Hark, they whisper ! Angels say :—
 ' Sister spirit, come away ! '

What is this absorbs me quite ?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes ; it disappears !
Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring !
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
O Grave, where is thy Victory ?
O Death, where is thy sting ?

Alexander Pope.

THE BLIND BOY

O SAY what is that thing called Light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy ;
What are the blessings of the sight,
O tell your poor blind boy !

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright ;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night ?

My day or night myself I make
Whene'er I sleep or play ;
And could I ever keep awake
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe ;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
 My cheer of mind destroy :
 Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
 Although a poor blind boy.

Colley Cibber.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN

Included in Poems on Several Occasions, published 1720.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-eyed Susan came aboard ;
 'O ! where shall I my true-love find ?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true
 If my sweet William sails among the crew.'

William, who high upon the yard
 Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below :
 The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast
 If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
 And drops at once into her nest : --
 The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

'O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain ;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear ;
 We only part to meet again.
 Change as ye list, ye winds ; my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

‘ Believe not what the landmen say
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind :
 They’ll tell thee, sailors, when away,
 In every port a mistress find :
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wheresoe’er I go.

‘ If to fair India’s coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
 Thy breath is Afric’s spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory so white.
 Thus every beauteous object that I view
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

‘ Though battle call me from thy arms
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
 Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms
 William shall to his dear return.
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan’s eye.’

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosom spread ;
 No longer must she stay aboard ;
 They kiss’d, she sigh’d, he hung his head.
 Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land ;
 ‘ Adieu ! ’ she cries ; and waved her lily hand.
John Gay.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

Carey recounts the occasion of the composition of ‘ Sally ’ in the 3rd edition of his *Poems*, 1729.

OF all the girls that are so smart
 There’s none like pretty Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart ,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets
And through the streets does cry 'em ;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em :
But sure such folk could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally !
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely ;
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely—
But let him bang his bellyful,
I'll bear it all for Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day—
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday ;
For then I'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is named.

I leave the church in sermon-time,
 And slink away to Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
 O, then I shall have money!
 I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
 I'll give it to my honey.
 I would it were ten thousand pounds,
 I'd give it all to Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
 Make game of me and Sally;
 And, but for her, I'd better be
 A slave, and row a galley;
 But when my seven long years are out,
 O, then I'll marry Sally;
 O, then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
 But not in our alley.

Henry Carey.

RULE BRITANNIA

From 'The Masque of Alfred,' produced 1780 before the Prince and Princess of Wales.

WHEN Britain first at Heaven's command
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of her land,
 And guardian angels sung the strain:
 Rule, Britannia! Britannia rule¹ the waves!
 Britons never shall be slaves.

¹ Popular taste has caused the alteration 'rules.'

The nations not so blest as thee
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
 Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free
 The dread and envy of them all!

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
 As the loud blast that tears the skies
 Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
 All their attempts to bend thee down
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,
 And work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And every shore it circles thine!

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair;
 Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crown'd
 And manly hearts to guard the fair:—
 Rule, Britannia! Britannia rule the waves!
 Britons never shall be slaves!

James Thomson.

AN ODE

Written in the year 1746.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
 By all their country's wishes blest!
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung,
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
 And Freedom shall a while repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there.

William Collins.

ODE TO EVENING

The Odes were published 1747.

IF aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
 May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe thine ear¹
 Like thy own solemn springs,
 Thy springs, and dying gales ;

O Nymph reserved,—while now the bright-hair'd
 sun
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed ;

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat
 With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum,—
 Now teach me, maid composed,
 To breathe some soften'd strain,

¹ v. l. ' May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear.'

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit ;
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return.

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with
sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene ;
Or find some ruin midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds or driving rain
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires ;
And hears their simple bell ; and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light :

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves ;
 Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
 Affrights thy shrinking train
 And rudely rends thy robes ;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
 Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
 Thy gentlest influence own,
 And love thy favourite name !

William Collins.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE

Sung by Guiderius and Arviragus over Fidele supposed to be dead.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
 Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
 Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
 And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
 But shepherd lads assemble here,
 And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
 No goblins lead their nightly crew :
 The female fays shall haunt the green,
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breast oft at evening hours
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,
 With hoary moss and gather'd flowers,
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
In tempests shake thy sylvan cell,
Or 'midst the chase on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed :
Belov'd, till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd, till pity's self be dead.
William Collins.

ODE ON THE SPRING

This Ode appeared in Dodsley's *Collection*, vol. ii., in 1748. It was written at Stoke Pogis in June 1742.

Lo ! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers
And wake the purple year !
The Attic warbler pours her throat
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of Spring :
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great !

Still is the toiling hand of Care ;
The panting herds repose :
Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
The busy murmur glows !
The insect-youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring
And float amid the liquid noon :
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of Man :
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the Busy and the Gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours drest :
• Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low
The sportive kind reply :
Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?
A solitary fly !
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display :
On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.

Thomas Gray.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT
OF ETON COLLEGE •

Printed by Dodsley in folio, 1747 ; written in August 1742.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade ;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way :

Ah happy hills ! ah pleasing shade !
Ah fields beloved in vain ! ¹
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain !
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margin green
The paths of pleasure trace ;

¹ Gray had just heard of his friend West's sudden death. He sent West the Ode on the Spring, not knowing he was dead.

Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave ?

The captive linnet which enthal ?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed
Or urge the flying ball ?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty :
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign
And unknown regions dare descry :
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when posset ;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast :
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigour born ;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas ! regardless of their doom
The little victims play ;
No sense have they of ills to come
Nor care beyond to-day :
Yet see how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate
And black Misfortune's baleful train !

Ah show them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey, the murderous band !
Ah, tell them they are men !

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that sculks behind ;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow ;
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A griesly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen :
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage :
Lo ! Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings : all are men,
 Condemn'd alike to groan ;
 The tender for another's pain,
 Th' unfeeling for his own.
 Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate,
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies ?
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more ;—where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

Thomas Gray.

ODE ON ADVERSITY

First published 1758 in vol. iv. of Dodsley's *Collection*, but written in August 1742.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
 The bad affright, afflict the best !
 Bound in thy adamantine chain
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
 To thee he gave the heavenly birth
 And bade to form her infant mind.
 Stern, rugged nurse ! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore ;
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others'
 woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe ;
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd
Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend :
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh ! gently on thy suppliant's head
Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand !
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Not circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty ;—

Thy form benign, oh goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a Man.

Thomas Gray.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY
CHURCHYARD

The Elegy was begun at Stoke Pogis in the autumn of 1742, continued at the same place after the funeral of Gray's aunt, Miss Mary Autrobus, in November 1749, and finished at Cambridge, June 1750. Mr Gosse conjectures that the funeral of Gray's uncle, Jonathan Rogers, on 31st October 1742, dates the beginning of the poem. It was published by Dodsley in February 1751.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour :—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
 vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to extasy the living lyre :

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbad : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.¹

¹ Four stanzas, afterwards rejected, follow here in Gray's first MS. They concluded the poem. The last two were :—

Hark how the sacred calm that breathes around
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease
In still small accents whisp'ring from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

No more with reason and thyself at strife
Give anxious cares and endless wishes room ;
But through the cool sequester'd vale of life
Pursue the silent tenour of thy doom.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd
Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn

Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn ;¹

‘ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

‘ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.

‘ One morn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

‘ The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we see him
borne,—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.’²

¹ Here Gray rejected the stanza :

Him have we seen the greenwood side along
While o’er the heath we hied, our labour done,
Oft as the woodlark piped her farewell song
With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

² A stanza was dropped before the Epitaph :—

There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are showers of violets found ;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown ;
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd)
a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

Thomas Gray.

ON A FAVOURITE CAT, DROWNED
IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES

Also in Dodsley's *Collection*, vol. ii., 1748. Gray enclosed it in a letter to Walpole in 1747.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow,
Demurest of the tabby kind
The pensive Selima, reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared :
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes—
She saw, and purr'd applause.

Still had she gazed, but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream :
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple, to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw :
A whisker first, and then a claw
With many an ardent wish
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize—
What female heart can gold despise ?
What Cat's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between—
Malignant Fate sat by and smiled—
The slippery verge her feet beguiled ;
She tumbled headlong in !

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to every watery God
Some speedy aid to send :—
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard—
A favourite has no friend !

From hence, ye Beauties ! undeceived
Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold :
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
Nor all that glisters, gold !

Thomas Gray.

ODE ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM VICISSITUDE

This unfinished poem was found in a pocket-book for 1754. It is said to have been occasioned by the death of Pope.

Now the golden Morn aloft
 Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
 With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
 She woos the tardy Spring :
 Till April starts, and calls around
 The sleeping fragrance from the ground,
 And lightly o'er the living scene
 Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
 Frisking ply their feeble feet ;
 Forgetful of their wintry trance
 The birds his presence greet :
 But chief, the sky-lark warbles high
 His trembling thrilling ecstasy ;
 And lessening from the dazzled sight,
 Melts into air and liquid light.

Yesterday the sullen year
 Saw the snowy whirlwind fly ;
 Mute was the music of the air,
 The herd stood drooping by :
 Their raptures now that wildly flow
 No yesterday nor morrow know ;
 'Tis Man alone that joy describes
 With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past misfortune's brow
 Soft reflection's hand can trace,
 And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
 A melancholy grace ;

While hope prolongs our happier hour,
 Or deepest shades, that dimly lower
 And blacken round our weary way,
 Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy pleasure leads,
 See a kindred grief pursue ;
 Behind the steps that misery treads
 Approaching comfort view :
 The hues of bliss more brightly glow
 Chastised by sabler tints of woe,
 And blended form, with artful strife,
 The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch that long has tost
 On the thorny bed of pain,
 At length repair his vigour lost
 And breathe and walk again :
 The meanest floweret of the vale,
 The simplest note that swells the gale,
 The common sun, the air, the skies,
 To him are opening Paradise.

Thomas Gray.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

A PINDARIC ODE

Composed in 1754. Printed along with the Bard in August 1757.

AWAKE, Æolian¹ lyre, awake,
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
 From Helicon's harmonious springs
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take.

¹ Pindar frequently describes his poetry as 'Æolian.'
 Lyrical poetry originated specially in the Æolian colonies.

The laughing flowers that round them blow
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign ;
Now rolling down the steep amain
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour :
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the
 roar.

Oh ! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell ! the sullen Cares
 And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car
And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing :
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's ¹ velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day ;
With antic Sport, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures ;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
 Now in circling troops they meet :
To brisk notes in cadence beating
 Glance their many-twinkling feet.

¹ In Cyprus, the chief seat of Venus or Cytherea.

Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare :

Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay :
With arms sublime that float upon the air

In gliding state she wins her easy way :
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of
Love.

Man's feeble race what ills await !
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of fate !
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.

Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse ?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry
He gives to range the dreary sky :
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts
of war.

In climes beyond the solar road
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom

To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy
flame

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Maeander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of anguish !
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around ;
Every shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound :
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion ! next, thy sea-encircled
coast.

Far from the sun and summer-gale
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty Mother did unveil
Her awful face : the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smiled.
'This pencil take' (she said) 'whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year :
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal Boy !
This can unlock the gates of joy ;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.'

Nor second He, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Extasy

The secrets of the abyss to spy :

He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time :

The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze ¹

Where angels tremble while they gaze,

He saw ; but blasted with excess of light,

Closed his eyes in endless night.

Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car

Wide o'er the fields of glory bear

Two coursers of ethereal race,

With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding
pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore !

Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,

Scatters from her pictured urn

Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

But ah ! 'tis heard no more—

Oh ! lyre divine, what daring spirit

Wakes thee now ? Tho' he inherit

Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,

That the Theban eagle bear,

Sailing with supreme dominion

Thro' the azure deep of air :

Yet oft before his infant eyes would run

Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray

With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun :

Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way

Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate :

Beneath the Good how far—but far above the
Great.

Thomas Gray.

¹ See Ezek. i. 26., and Milton's lines *At a Solemn Music*.

THE BARD

A PINDARIC ODE

‘This Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the Conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.’—*Gray*. The poem was begun 1755 but not finished till 1757, when it was published.

‘RUIN seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Tho’ fann’d by Conquest’s crimson wing
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk’s twisted mail,
Nor e’en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s tears!’
—Such were the sounds that o’er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter’d wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon’s shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array:—
Stout Glo’ster¹ stood aghast in speechless trance;
‘To arms!’ cried Mortimer,² and couch’d his
quivering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o’er old Conway’s foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe
With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
(Loose his beard and hoary hair
Stream’d like a meteor to the troubled air)
And with a master’s hand and prophet’s fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre:

¹ Edward’s son-in-law.

² Gloucester and Mortimer were both Lord Marchers, whose lands lay on the borders.

‘Hark, how each giant-oak and desert-cave
 Sighs to the torrent’s awful voice beneath !
 O’er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
 Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;
 Vocal no more, since Cambria’s fatal day,
 To high-born Hoel’s¹ harp, or soft Llewellyn’s²
 lay.

‘Cold is Cadwallo’s³ tongue,
 That hushed the stormy main :
 Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
 Mountains, ye mourn in vain
 Modred, whose magic song
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.
 On dreary Arvon’s⁴ shore they lie
 Smear’d with gore and ghastly pale :
 Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail ;
 The famish’d eagle screams, and passes by.
 Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 Ye died amidst your dying country’s cries—
 No more I weep ; They do not sleep ;
 On yonder cliffs, a griesly band,
 I see them sit ; They linger yet,
 Avengers of their native land :
 With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy
 line.

¹ Son of King Owen Gwynedd, of North Wales.

² Last King of North Wales, died 1282.

³ Cadwallo died 631, Urien 560, and Modred or Myrddin about 542.

⁴ The shores of Carnarvonshire, opposite Anglesey.

‘ Weave the warp and weave the woof
The winding sheet of Edward’s race :
Give ample room and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death thro’ Berkley’s roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king ! ¹
She-wolf of France, ² with unrelenting fangs
That tear’st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o’er thy country hangs
The scourge of heaven ! ³ What terrors round
him wait !
Amazement in his van, with flight combined,
And sorrow’s faded form, and solitude behind.

‘ Mighty victor, mighty lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies !
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies. ⁴
Is the sable warrior fled ? ⁵
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born ?
—Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the zephyr blows, ⁶
While proudly riding o’er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes :
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm :

¹ Edward II.

² Isabel of France, Edward II.’s adulterous queen.

³ Edward III., victor at Crecy.

⁴ Alluding to Edward III.’s death.

⁵ The Black Prince.

⁶ Magnificence of Richard II.’s reign.

Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That hush'd in grim repose expects his evening prey.

‘ Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare ;
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast : ¹
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest,
Heard ye the din of battle bray,²
Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?
Long years of havock urge their destined course,
And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye towers of Julius,³ London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
And spare the meek usurper's holy head !
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread :
The bristled boar ⁴ in infant-gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

‘ Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof ; The thread is spun ;)
Half of thy heart ⁵ we consecrate.
(The web is wove ; The work is done.)

¹ Richard II., according to the older writers, was starved to death.

² Wars of the Roses.

³ The Tower of London, said to have been built first by Julius Cæsar.

⁴ The silver boar was the badge of Richard III.

⁵ Eleanor of Castile, Edward's queen, died soon after the conquest of Wales.

—Stay, oh stay ! nor thus forlorn
 Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn :
 In yon bright track that fires the western skies
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
 Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll ?
 Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !
 No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail :—
 All hail, ye genuine kings ! Britannia's issue, hail !

‘Girt with many a baron bold
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
 And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
 In bearded majesty, appear.
 In the midst a form divine ! ¹
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line :
 Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face
 Attempter'd sweet to virgin-grace.
 What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
 What strains of vocal transport round her play ?
 Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, ² hear ;
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
 Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
 Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colour'd wings.

‘The verse adorn again
 Fierce war, and faithful love,
 And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
 In buskin'd measures move
 Pale grief, and pleasing pain,

¹ Queen Elizabeth.

² Taliessin, chief of the Bards, flourished in the sixth century.

With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice as of the cherub-choir

'Gales from blooming Eden bear,
And distant warblings lessen on my ear
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud
Raised by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of
day?

To-morrow he repairs the golden flood
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me : with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign :
Be thine despair and sceptred care,
To triumph and to die are mine.'
—He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's
height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.
Thomas Gray.

THE SONG OF DAVID

From a long poem full of force and beauty, written while in confinement for madness. It was printed 1763.

He sung of God, the mighty source
Of all things, the stupendous force
On which all strength depends :
From Whose right arm, beneath Whose eyes,
All period, power, and enterprise
Commences, reigns, and ends.

The world, the clustering spheres He made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade,
Dale, champaign, grove and hill :

The multitudinous abyss,
Where secrecy remains in bliss,
And wisdom hides her skill.

Tell them, I AM, Jehovah said
To Moses: while Earth heard in dread,
And, smitten to the heart,
At once, above, beneath, around,
All Nature, without voice or sound,
Replied, 'O Lord, THOU ART.'
Christopher Smart.

STANZAS ON WOMAN

From The Vicar of Wakefield, 1776.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can sooth her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover
And wring his bosom, is—to die.
Oliver Goldsmith.

AULD ROBIN GRAY

This song became popular about 1770.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at
hame,
And a' the warld to rest are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for
his bride,

But saving a croun he had naething else beside :
To make the croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea,
And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been awa a week but only twa,
When my father brak his arm, and the cow was
stown awa ;

My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea—
And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin ;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win ;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and wi' tears in
his e'e

Said :—' Jennie, for their sakes, O, marry me ! '

My heart it said nay ; I look'd for Jamie back ;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a
wrack ;

His ship it was a wrack . . . Why didna Jamie dee ?
Or why do I live to cry Wae's me ?

My father urgit sair : my mother didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like
to break :

They gi'ed him my hand, but my heart was at
the sea,

Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he—
Till he said :—' I'm come hame to marry thee.'

O, sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say ;
 We took but ae kiss, and I bad him gang away ;
 I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee,
 And why was I born to say Wae's me !

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin ;
 I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin ;
 But I'll do my best a gude wife ay to be,
 For auld Robin Gray, he is kind unto me.

Lady Anne Lindsay.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE

This song has been attributed to Mickie, the translator of the 'Lusiad,' on the strength of a MS. found in his papers and the statements of his widow, but was more probably by a poor school-mistress, Jean Adams. It was first sung and sold in the streets about 1771.

AND are ye sure the news is true ?
 And are ye sure he's weel ?
 Is this a time to think of wark ?
 Ye jauds, fling by your wheel !
 Is this a time to think o' wark,
 When Colin's at the door ?
 Gie me my cloak ! I'll to the quay
 And see him come ashore.

For there's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck ava,
 There's little pleasure in the house,
 When our gudeman's awa.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside,
 Put on the muckle¹ pot !
 Gi'e little Kate her button gown,
 And Jock his Sunday coat,

¹ Big.

And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
 Their hose as white as snaw !
 It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
 For he's been long awa.

There's twa fat hens upon the bauk,¹
 Been fed this month and mair :
 Mak' haste and thraw² their necks about,
 That Colin weel may fare,
 And mak' the table neat and clean,
 Gar ilka thing look braw !
 It's a' for love of my gudeman,
 For he's been long awa.

O, gi'e me down my bigonet,³
 My bishop satin gown,
 For I maun tell the bailie's wife
 That Colin's come to town.
 My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,
 My hose o' pearl blue !
 'Tis a' to please my ain gudeman,
 For he's baith leal and true.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his tongue,
 His breath's like caller⁴ air !
 His very foot has music in 't,
 As he comes up the stair.
 And will I see his face again ?
 And will I hear him speak ?
 I'm downright dizzy with the thought,—
 In troth, I'm like to greet.⁵

¹ Cross-beam.³ Cap.⁴ Fresh.² Wring.⁵ Weep.

For there's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck ava,
 There's little pleasure in the house,
 When our gudeman's awa.

Jean Adams.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST

On the battle of Flodden.

I'VE heard them lilting at our ewe-milking,
 Lasses a-lilting before the dawn of day;
 But now they are moaning on ilka green loan-
 ing¹ :—

The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At bughts² in the morning nae blythe lads are
 scorning;

The lasses are lanely, and dowie,³ and wae;
 Nae daffing,⁴ nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing,
 Ilk ane lifts her leglin,⁵ and hies her away.

In hairst,⁶ at the shearing, nae youths now are jeer-
 ing:

The bandsters⁷ are lyart,⁸ and runckled,⁹ and gray.
 At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching¹⁰
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae swankies¹¹ are roam-
 ing

'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
 But ilk ane sits eerie, lamenting her dearie—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

¹ Grass path in corn fields.

² Sheep-pens.

³ Dreary.

⁴ Joking.

⁵ Pail

⁶ Harvest.

⁷ Men who bind sheaves.

⁸ Hoary.

⁹ Wrinkled.

¹⁰ Coaxing.

¹¹ Tall lads.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the
Border !

The English, for ance, by guile wan the day ;
The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the
foremost,

The prime of our land, lie cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at our ewe-milking :
Women and bairns are heartless and wae,
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning :
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Jane Elliot.

LOSS OF THE *ROYAL GEORGE*

Written in September 1782 ; the *Royal George* foundered
August 12th. The poem was to be sung to the music of the
march in 'Scipio.'

TOLL for the Brave !

The brave that are no more !

All sunk beneath the wave

Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave

Whose courage well was tried,

Had made the vessel heel

And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,

And she was overset ;

Down went the *Royal George*,

With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !

Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;

His last sea-fight is fought ;

His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
 No tempest gave the shock ;
 She sprang no fatal leak ;
 She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
 His fingers held the pen,
 When Kempenfelt went down
 With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
 Once dreaded by our foes !
 And mingle with our cup
 The tears that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
 And she may float again
 Full charged with England's thunder,
 And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
 His victories are o'er,
 And he and his eight hundred
 Shall plough the wave no more.
William Cowper.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK

In the 1782 volume Selkirk's adventures on the island of Juan Fernandez are said to have also suggested *Robinson Crusoe*.

I AM monarch of all I survey ;
 My right there is none to dispute ;
 From the centre all round to the sea
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

O Solitude ! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face ?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech ;
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see ;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, Friendship, and Love
Divinely bestowed upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove
How soon would I taste you again !
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion ! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word !
More precious than silver and gold
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore

Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more :
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me ?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land
In a moment I seem to be there ;
But alas ! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair ;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought !
Gives even affliction a grace
And reconciles man to his lot.

William Cowper.

THE POPLAR FIELD

Printed first in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, January 1785. The poplars were at Lavendon Mill, near Olney.

THE poplars are fell'd ; farewell to the shade
And the whispering sound of the cool colonade ;
The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I first took a view
Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew:
And now in the grass behold they are laid,
And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade !

The blackbird has fled to another retreat
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat ;
And the scene where his melody charmed me before
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,
With a turf on my breast and a stone at my head,
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

The change both my heart and my fancy employs ;
I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys ;
Short lived as we are, yet our pleasures, we see,
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.

William Cowper.

TO A YOUNG LADY

Addressed to Miss Shuttleworth, Mrs W. Unwin's sister. In Cowper's first volume, published 1782.

SWEET stream, that winds through yonder glade,
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid—
Silent and chaste she steals along,
Far from the world's gay busy throng :
With gentle yet prevailing force,
Intent upon her destined course ;
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes ;
Pure-bosom'd as that watery glass,
And Heaven reflected in her face.

William Cowper.

TO MARY UNWIN

Composed May 1793.

MARY! I want a lyre with other strings,
 Such aid from Heaven as some have feign'd they
 drew,
 An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
 And undebased by praise of meaner things,
 That ere through age or woe I shed my wings
 I may record thy worth with honour due,
 In verse as musical as thou art true,
 And that immortalizes whom it sings:—
 But thou hast little need. There is a Book
 By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,
 On which the eyes of God not rarely look,
 A chronicle of actions just and bright—
 There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine;
 And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee
 mine.

William Cowper.

TO THE SAME

Composed autumn of 1793.

THE twentieth year is wellnigh past
 Since first our sky was overcast;
 Ah would that this might be the last!
 My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
 I see thee daily weaker grow—
 'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
 My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more ;
My Mary !

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary !

But well thou playedst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary !

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream ;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary !

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary !

For could I view nor them nor thee
What sight worth seeing could I see ?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary !

Partakers of thy sad decline
Thy hands their little force resign ;
Yet, gently prest, press gently mine,
My Mary !

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest
That now at every step thou movest
Upheld by two ; yet still thou lovest,
My Mary!

And still to love, though prest with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah ! by constant heed I know
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last—
My Mary!
William Cowper.

THE CASTAWAY

Cowper's ast original poem, founded on a story in *Anson's Voyages*, written 1799.

OBSCUREST night involved the sky,
The Atlantic billows roared,
When such a destined wretch as I,
Washed headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast
Than he with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast,
With warmer wishes sent.

He loved them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
Expert to swim, he lay ;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
Or courage die away ;
But waged with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted : nor his friends had fail'd
To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevail'd,
That, pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford ;
- And such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
Delay'd not to bestow.
But he (they knew) nor ship nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seem'd, could he
Their haste himself condemn,
Aware that flight, in such a sea,
Alone could rescue them ;
Yet bitter felt it still to die
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour
In ocean, self-upheld ;
And so long he, with unspent power,
His destiny repelled ;

And ever, as the minutes flew,
Entreated help, or cried 'Adieu!'

At length, his transient respite past,
His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in every blast,
Could catch the sound no more ;
For then, by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him ; but the page
Of narrative sincere,
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
Is wet with Anson's tear :
And tears by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
A more enduring date :
But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allay'd,
No light propitious shone,
When, snatched from all effectual aid,
We perished, each alone :
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.
William Cowper.

LIFE

First and last lines of a composition with the motto, 'Animula, vagula, blandula.'

LIFE ! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part ;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life ! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear ;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time ;
Say not Good Night,—but in some brighter
clime
Bid me Good Morning.

Anna Letitia Barbauld.

THE BRAES OF YARROW

Logan's *Poems* were published 1781.

THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream,
When first on them I met my lover ;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,
When now thy waves his body cover !
For ever now, O Yarrow stream !
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow ;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my Love, the flower of Yarrow !

He promised me a milk-white steed
To bear me to his father's bowers ;

He promised me a little page
To squire me to his father's towers ;
He promised me a wedding-ring,—
The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow ;—
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow !

Sweet were his words when last we met ;
My passion I as freely told him ;
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him !
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost ;
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow ;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan thro' Yarrow.

His mother from the window look'd
With all the longing of a mother ;
His little sister weeping walk'd
The green-wood path to meet her brother ;
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough ;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

No longer from thy window look—
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother !
No longer walk, thou lovely maid ;
Alas, thou hast no more a brother !
No longer seek him east or west
And search no more the forest thorough ;
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek
No other youth shall be my marrow—
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.
—The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.
John Logan.

A WISH

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear:
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet-gown and apron blue.

The village-church among the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze
And point with taper spire to Heaven.
Samuel Rogers.

MARY MORISON

Burns in March 1793 spoke of this song as 'one of my juvenile works.'

O MARY, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour !
Those smiles and glances let me see
That make the miser's treasure poor :
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,¹
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,—
I sat, but neither heard nor saw :
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,²
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
'Ye are na Mary Morison.'

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace
Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee ?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee ?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown ;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

Robert Burns.

¹ Trouble.

² Handsome.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES

1784.

GREEN grow the rashes, O !
Green grow the rashes, O !
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent among the lasses, O !

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In every hour that passes, O :
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O ?

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O,
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O ;

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O,
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O !

For you sae douce,¹ ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O :
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O !

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O :
Her prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O.

¹ Wise, sober.

Green grow the rashes, O !
 Green grow the rashes, O !
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
 Are spent among the lasses, O !
Robert Burns.

TO A MOUSE

On turning her up in her nest, with the plough, November 1785.

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
 O what a panic's in thy breastie !
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle ! ¹
 I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee
 Wi' murd'ring pattle ! ²

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken Nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion
 Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
 An' fellow-mortal !

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thiefe ;
 What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
 A daimen ³-icker ⁴ in a thrave ⁵
 'S a sma' request :
 I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave, ⁶
 And never miss't !

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin :

¹ Hurry.

³ Now and then.

⁵ Twenty-four sheaves.

² Stick for clearing the plough.

⁴ Ear of corn.

⁶ Rest.

And naething, now, to big¹ a new ane,
 O' foggage green!
 An' bleak December's winds ensuin'
 Baith snell² an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste
 An' weary winter comin' fast,
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till, crash! the cruel coulter past
 Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
 Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
 But³ house or hald,
 To thole⁴ the winter's sleety dribble
 An' cranreuch⁵ cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane
 In proving foresight may be vain:
 The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
 Gang aft a-gley,⁶
 An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
 For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
 The present only toucheth thee:
 But, Och! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear!
 An' forward, tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' fear!

Robert Burns.

¹ Build.

² Bitter.

³ Without.

⁴ Endure.

⁵ Hoar frost.

⁶ Awry.

I LOVE MY JEAN

Burns says: 'This song I composed out of compliment to Mrs Burns. *N.B.* It was during the honeymoon.'

OF a' the airts¹ the wind can blaw
 I dearly like the West,
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best:
 There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
 And mony a hill between;
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair:
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air:
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw,² or green.
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings
 But minds me o' my Jean.

Robert Burns.

AULD LANG SYNE

Enclosed in a letter to Mrs Dunlop, 17th December 1788.

FOR auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min' ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne ?

¹ Quarters.

² Small wood in a hollow.

We twa hae rin about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans¹ fine ;
 But we've wandered monie a weary foot
 Sin auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
 Frae mornin sun till dine ;
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd
 Sin auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fere,²
 And gie's a hand o' thine,
 And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught³
 For auld lang syne !

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,⁴
 And surely I'll be mine !
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne !

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

Robert Burns.

MY BONNIE MARY

1788. Sent to Mrs Dunlop with 'Auld Lang Syne.' 'The first half stanza of the song is old, the rest is mine.'—*Burns.*

Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine,
 An' fill it in a silver tassie,⁵
 That I may drink before I go
 A service to my bonnie lassie !

¹ Daisies.

² Companion.

³ Draught.

⁴ Tankard.

⁵ Cup.

The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry,
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready,
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody.
But it's no the roar o' sea or shore
Wad mak me langer wish to tarry,
Nor shout o' war that's heard afar—
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary!
Robert Burns.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO

In vol. iii. of the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790.

JOHN ANDERSON my jo,¹ John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent,²
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And monie a canty³ day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:

¹ Darling.

² Smooth.

³ Merry.

Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand and hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson my jo.

Robert Burns.

THE BANKS O' DOON

Of this song, composed in 1791, there are three versions by Burns.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair ;
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary fu' o' care !
 Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wantons thro' the flowering thorn :
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed, never to return.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine,
 And ilka¹ bird sang o' his love,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine !
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree ;
 And my fause lover staw² my rose,
 But, ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

Robert Burns.

BONNIE LESLEY

Composed in August 1792 in honour of Miss Leslie Baillie, afterwards Mrs Cuming of Logie.

O SAW ye bonnie Lesley,
 As she gaed o'er the border ?
 She's gane like Alexander,
 To spread her conquests farther.

¹ Every.

² Stole.

To see her is to love her,
 And love but her for ever ;
 For Nature made her what she is,
 And ne'er made sic anither !

Thou art a queen, Fair Lesley,
 Thy subjects we, before thee ;
 Thou art divine, Fair Lesley,
 The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he could na scaith ¹ thee,
 Or aught that wad belang thee ;
 He'd look into thy bonnie face,
 And say ' I canna wrang thee ! '

The Powers aboon will tent ² thee ;
 Misfortune sha' na steer ³ thee ;
 Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, Fair Lesley,
 Return to Caledonie !
 That we may brag we hae a lass
 There's nane again sae bonnie.

Robert Burns.

HIGHLAND MARY

Sent to Thomson, 14th November 1792. The Mary was Mary Campbell, to whose memory the lines 'To Mary in Heaven' were also addressed.

YE banks and braes and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlic ! ⁴

¹ Hurt. ² Take care of. ³ Molest. ⁴ Muddy.

There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry ;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,¹
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom !
The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace
Our parting was fu' tender ;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder ;
But, Oh ! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early !
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly ;
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

Robert Burns.

¹ Birch.

DUNCAN GRAY

Sent to Thomson, 4th December 1792.

DUNCAN GRAY cam here to woo,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;

On blythe Yule night when we were fou,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't :

Maggie coost ¹ her head fu' high,

Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,²

Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh ;³

Ha, ha, the wooing o't !

Duncan fleech'd,⁴ and Duncan pray'd ;

Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;

Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig ;

Ha, ha, the wooing o't :

Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,

Grat ⁵ his een baith bleer't and blin',

Spak o' lowpin ower a linn !⁶

Ha, ha, the wooing o't !

Time and chance are but a tide,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;

Slighted love is sair to bide ;

Ha, ha, the wooing o't :

Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,

For a haughty hizzie dec ?

She may gae to—France for me !

Ha, ha, the wooing o't !

How it comes let doctors tell,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;

Meg grew sick—as he grew well ;

Ha, ha, the wooing o't :

¹ Cast.

² Proud, high-mettled.

³ At a distance.

⁴ Implored.

⁵ Cried.

⁶ Jumping over a precipice.

Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings ;
 And O, her een, they spak sic things !
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't ! *

Duncan was a lad o' grace ;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
 Maggie's was a piteous case ;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't :
 Duncan couldna be her death,
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath ;
 Now they're crouse ¹ and canty ² baith :
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't !

Robert Burns.

LAMENT FOR CULLODEN

The first four lines are old. The song appeared in vol. v. of the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1794.

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
 Nay joy nor pleasure can she see ;
 For e'en and morn she cries, Alas !
 And aye the saut tear blins her ee :
 Drumossie moor ³—Drumossie day—
 A waefu' day it was to me !
 For there I lost my father dear,
 My father dear, and brethren thrce.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
 Their graves are growing green to see :
 And by them lies the dearest lad
 That ever blest a woman's ee !

¹ Comfortable.

² Merry.

³ The battle of Culloden was fought on Drumossie Moor.

Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be ;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

Robert Burns.

A RED, RED ROSE

In vol. v. of the Scots Musical Museum.

O, my luvè's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June !
O, my luvè's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune !
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luvè am I,
And I will luvè thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry :

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun !
I will luvè thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare thee weel, my only luvè,
And fare thee weel awhile !
And I will come again, my luvè,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

Robert Burns.

CHARLIE HE'S MY DARLING

In vol. v. of the Scots Musical Museum.

AN' Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling !
Charlie he's my darling,
The Young Chevalier !

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
That Charlie cam' to our town,
The Young Chevalier !

As he was walking up the street
The city for to view,
O, there he spied a bonnie lass
The window lookin' through.

Sae light's he jimped up the stair,
An' tirl'd at the pin ! ¹
An' wha sae ready as hersel
To let the laddie in ?

He set his Jenny on his knee,
A' in his Highland dress ;
For brawlie weel he ken'd the way
To please a lassie best.

It's up yon heathery mountain,
An' down yon scroggy ² glen,
We daur na gang a-milking
For Charlie an' his men !

An' Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling !
Charlie he's my darling,
The Young Chevalier !

Robert Burns.

¹ A piece of iron which acted as a bell on being pulled or tirl'd.

² Full of brushwood.

THE FAREWELL

It is doubtful how much of this was by Burns. It is printed without his name in the *Scots Musical Museum*.

It was a' for our rightfu' King
We left fair Scotland's strand :
It was a' for our rightfu' King
We e'er saw Irish land,
My dear—
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain,
My love aad native land farewell,
For I maun cross the main,
My dear—
For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right and round about
Upon the Irish shore,
And gae his bridle-reins a shake,
With adieu for evermore,
My dear—
With adieu for evermore.

The sodger from the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main ;
But I hae parted frae my love,
Never to meet again,
My dear—
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
 And a' folk bound to sleep,
 I think on him that's far awa,
 The lee-lang night, and weep,
 My dear—
 The lee-lang night, and weep.
Robert Burns.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS

Published 5th May 1795, in the *Dumfries Journal*.

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat?
 Then let the loons beware, Sir,
 There's wooden walls upon our seas,
 And volunteers on shore, Sir.
 The Nith shall run to Corsincon,¹
 And Criffel² sink to Solway,
 Ere we permit a foreign foe
 On British ground to rally!
 O, let us not like snarling tykes
 In wrangling be divided,
 Till, slap! come in an unco loon³
 And wi' a rung⁴ decide it!
 Be Britain still to Britain true,
 Amang oursels united,
 For never but by British hands
 Maun British wrangs be righted!
 The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
 Perhaps a clout⁵ may fail in't;
 But deil a foreign tinkler loon
 Shall ever ca'⁶ a nail in't.

¹ A hill at the source of the Nith.

² A mountain near the Nith's mouth.

³ Foreign fellow. ⁴ Cudgel. ⁵ Patch. ⁶ Drive.

Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought,
 And wha wad dare to spoil it,
 By heaven, the sacrilegious dog
 Shall fuel be to boil it !

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
 And the wretch his true-born brother,
 Who would set the mob aboon the throne,
 May they be damned together !
 Who will not sing *God save the King*,
 Shall hang as high's the steeple ;
 But while we sing *God save the King*,
 We'll ne'er forget the people.

Robert Burns.

PARTED

Probably by Burns.

WHEN I think on the happy days
 I spent wi' you, my dearie ;
 And now what lands between us lie,
 How can I be but eerie !

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
 As ye were wae and weary !
 It was na sae ye glinted by
 When I was wi' my dearie.

Anonymous.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL

Caroline Oliphant, afterwards Baroness Nairn, wrote her best songs in her youth, inspired by Burns' volume of 1787.

I'm wearing awa', John,
 Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,
 I'm wearing awa'
 To the land o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither could nor care, John,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
She was baith guid and fair, John,
And oh! we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal!
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy's a-comin' fast, John,
The joy that's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal.
Oh dry your glistenin' e'e, John,
My soul langs to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

Oh, haud ye leal and true, John,
Your day it's wearin' through, John,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain John,
This world's cares are vain, John;
We'll meet and aye be fain
In the land o' the leal.

Lady Nairn.

TO SPRING

From Poetical Sketches, 1783.

O THOU with dewy locks, who lookest down
Through the clear windows of the morning, turn
Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,
Which in full choir hails thy approach, O Spring !

The hills tell each other, and the listening
Valleys hear ; all our longing eyes are turned
Up to thy bright pavilions : issue forth,
And let thy holy feet visit our clime !

Come o'er the eastern hills, and let our winds
Kiss thy perfumed garments ; let us taste
Thy morn and evening breath ; scatter thy pearls
Upon our lovesick land that mourns for thee !

O, deck her forth with thy fair fingers ; pour
Thy soft kisses on her bosom ; and put
Thy golden crown upon her languished head,
Whose modest tresses were bound up for thee !
William Blake.

HOW SWEET I ROAMED

From Poetical Sketches, 1783.

How sweet I roamed from field to field,
And tasted all the summer's pride,
Till I the Prince of Love beheld
Who in the sunny beams did glide !

He showed me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow ;
He led me through his gardens fair
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May-dews my wings were wet,
 And Phœbus fired my vocal rage ;
 He caught me in his silken net,
 And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing ;
 Then, laughing, sports and plays with me ;
 Then stretches out my golden wing,
 And mocks my loss of liberty.

William Blake.

INFANT JOY

From Songs of Innocence, 1787.

‘ I HAVE no name ;
 I am but two days old.’
 —What shall I call thee ?
 ‘ I happy am ;
 Joy is my name.’
 —Sweet joy befall thee !

Pretty joy !
 Sweet joy, but two days old ;
 Sweet joy I call thee ;
 Thou dost smile :
 I sing the while,
 Sweet joy befall thee !

William Blake.

AH, SUNFLOWER !

From Songs of Experience, 1794.

AH, sunflower, weary of time,
 Who countest the steps of the sun,
 Seeking after that sweet golden clime
 Where the travellers’ journey is done—

Where the youth pined away with desires
And the pale virgins shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves, and aspire
Where my Sunflower wishes to go.

William Blake.

THE TIGER

From Songs of Experience, 1794.

TIGER, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And, when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?
William Blake.

TO THE CHRISTIANS

From Jerusalem, 1804.

ENGLAND, awake! awake! awake!
 Jerusalem thy sister calls!
 Why wilt thou sleep the sleep of death,
 And close her from thy ancient walls?
 Thy hills and valleys felt her feet
 Gently upon their bosoms move:
 Thy gates beheld sweet Zion's ways;
 Then was a time of joy and love.
 And now the time returns again:
 Our souls exult; and London's towers
 Receive the Lamb of God to dwell
 In England's green and pleasant bowers.
William Blake.

THE NEW JERUSALEM

From the prophetic book Milton, 1804.

AND did those feet in ancient time
 Walk upon England's mountain green?
 And was the holy Lamb of God
 On England's pleasant pasture seen?
 And did the countenance divine
 Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
 And was Jerusalem builded here
 Among these dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold !
Bring me my arrows of desire !
Bring me my spear : O clouds, unfold !
Bring me my chariot of fire !

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.
William Blake.

A NAVAL ODE

Written at Hamburg, 1800.

YE Mariners of England
That guard our native seas !
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe :
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds¹ do blow !
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave,
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow !

¹ ' Tempests ' in earlier editions.

While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep :
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow !
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors,
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow !
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

Thomas Campbell.

HOHENLINDEN

Written after viewing the scene of the battle, in December 1800.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow ;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven ;
Then rush'd the steed, to battle driven ;
And louder than the bolts of Heaven
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow ;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn ; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye Brave
Who rush to glory, or the grave !
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part, where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

Thomas Campbell.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had
lower'd,

And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground over-
power'd,

The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw ;
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far, far, I had roam'd on a desolate track :
'Twas autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me
back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was
young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers
sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to
part ;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

‘ Stay—stay with us !—rest !—thou art weary and
worn ! ’—
And fain was their war-broken soldier to
stay ;—
But sorrow return’d with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.
Thomas Campbell.

SONG

EARL MARCH look’d on his dying child,
And, smit with grief to view her—
The youth, he cried, whom I exiled
Shall be restored to woo her.

She’s at the window many an hour
His coming to discover :
And he look’d up to Ellen’s bower
And she look’d on her lover—

But ah ! so pale, he knew her not,
Though her smile on him was dwelling—
And am I then forgot—forgot ?
It broke the heart of Ellen.

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs,
Her cheek is cold as ashes ;
Nor love’s own kiss shall wake those eyes
To lift their silken lashes.

Thomas Campbell.

THE BEECH TREE'S PETITION

O LEAVE this barren spot to me !
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !
Though bush or floweret never grow
My dark unwarming shade below ;
Nor summer bud perfume the dew
Of rosy blush, or yellow hue ;
Nor fruits of autumn, blossom-born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn ;
Nor murmuring tribes from me derive
Th' ambrosial amber of the hive ;
Yet leave this barren spot to me :
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !

Thrice twenty summers I have seen
The sky grow bright, the forest green ;
And many a wintry wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my pleasant bower
First spent its sweet and sportive hour ;
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture made,
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carved many a long-forgotten name.
Oh ! by the sighs of gentle sound,
First breathed upon this sacred ground ;
By all that Love has whisper'd here,
Or Beauty heard with ravish'd ear ;
As Love's own altar honour me :
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !
Thomas Campbell.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

The first draft of this poem was sent to Scott in 1805 and contained thirty verses. Two verses of the final version are omitted.

OF Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly
shone !

By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene,
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
'Hearts of oak !' our captains cried ;
when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then
As he hailed them o'er the wave,
'Ye are brothers, ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:
So peace instead of death let us bring!
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
With the crews at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.' . . .

Now joy, Old England, raise
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light!
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Thomas Campbell.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
Cries ' Boatman, do not tarry !
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry ! '

' Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
' This dark and stormy water ? '

' O I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

' And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

' His horsemen hard behind us ride—
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover ? '

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
' I'll go, my chief, I'm ready :
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady :—

' And by my word ! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So though the waves are raging white
I'll row you o'er the ferry.'

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of Heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

‘O haste thee, haste!’ the lady cries,
‘Though tempests round us gather;
I’ll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.’

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand
The tempest gather’d o’er her.

And still they row’d amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing :
Lord Ullin reach’d that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay’d, through storm and shade
His child he did discover :—
One lovely hand she stretch’d for aid,
And one was round her lover.

‘Come back! come back!’ he cried in grief
‘Across this stormy water :
And I’ll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—Oh, my daughter!’

’Twas vain : the loud waves lash’d the shore,
Return or aid preventing :
The waters wild went o’er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

Thomas Campbell.

FREEDOM AND LOVE

How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at love's beginning,
When two mutual hearts are sighing
For the knot there's no untying !

Yet remember, 'midst your wooing,
Love has bliss, but Love has ruing,
Other smiles may make you fickle,
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,
Just as fate or fancy carries ;
Longest stays, when sorest chidden ;
Laughs and flies, when press'd and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly
Bind its odour to the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind love to last for ever.

Love's a fire that needs renewal
Of fresh beauty for its fuel ;
Love's wing moults when caged and captured,
Only free, he soars enraptured.

Can you keep the bee from ranging
Or the ring-dove's neck from changing ?
No ! nor fetter'd love from dying
In the knot there's no untying.

Thomas Campbell.

THE RIVER OF LIFE

THE more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages :
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals lingering like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

BUT as the care-worn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye Stars, that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker ?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we reach the Falls of Death,
Feel we its tide more rapid ?

It may be strange—yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding,
When one by one our friends have gone
And left our bosoms bleeding ?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness ;
And those of youth, a seeming length,
Proportion'd to their sweetness.

Thomas Campbell.

TO-MORROW

This appeared in *Scriptscrapologia, or Collins' Doggerel Dish of all Sorts*, 1804.

IN the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,
May my fate no less fortunate be
Than a snug elbow-chair will afford for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;
With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn,
While I carol away idle sorrow,
And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn
Look forward with hope for To-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade
too,
As the sunshine or rain may prevail;
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade
too,
With a barn for the use of the flail:
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow;
I'll envy no Nabob his riches or fame,
Nor what honours await him To-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be
completely
Secured by a neighbouring hill;
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly
By the sound of a murmuring rill:
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends may I share what To-day may
afford,
And let them spread the table To-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail cov'ring
 Which I've worn for three-score years and ten,
 On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep
 hov'ring,

Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again :
 But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
 And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow ;
 As this old worn-out stuff, which is threadbare
 to-day,
 May become everlasting To-morrow.

Collins.

ROSABELLE

The song of Harold, the 'bard of brave St Clair,' in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, 1805.

O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay !
 No haughty feat of arms I tell ;
 Soft is the note, and sad the lay
 That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

'Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !
 And, gentle ladye, deign to stay !
 Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
 Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

'The blackening wave is edged with white ;
 To inch and rock the sea-mews fly ;
 The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
 Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

'Last night the gifted Seer did view
 A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay :
 Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch ;
 Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ?'

'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide
If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle.'

—O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle.

And each St Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

Sir Walter Scott.

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH

A legend of Neidpath Castle, near Peebles. Written 1806.

O LOVERS' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower
To watch her Love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decay'd by pining,
Till through her wasted hand, at night,
You saw the taper shining.
By fits a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek was flying;
By fits so ashy pale she grew
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear
Seem'd in her frame residing;
Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear
She heard her lover's riding;

Ere scarce a distant form was kenn'd
She knew and waved to greet him,
And o'er the battlement did bend
As on the wing to meet him.

He came—he pass'd—an heedless gaze
As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing—
The castle-arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan
Which told her heart was broken.
Sir Walter Scott.

HUNTING SONG

Written in 1808.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting spear!
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they:—
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain grey,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming:
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay:—
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
 To the greenwood haste away ;
 We can show you where he lies,
 Fleet of foot, and tall of size ;
 We can show the marks he made,
 When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd ;
 You shall see him brought to bay—
 ' Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Louder, louder, chant the lay,
 Waken, lords and ladies gay !
 Tell them youth and mirth and glee
 Run a course as well as we.
 Time, stern huntsman ! who can baulk,
 Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk :
 Think of this, and rise with day,
 Gentle lords and ladies gay.

Sir Walter Scott.

WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST

Fitz-Eustace's song in Canto iii. of *Marmion*, 1808.

WHERE shall the lover rest,
 Whom the fates sever
 From his true maiden's breast,
 Parted for ever ?
 Where through groves deep and high
 Sounds the far billow,
 Where early violets die
 Under the willow.

Eleu loro ! Soft shall be his pillow !

There through the summer day
Cool streams are laving ;
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving ;
There thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never !

Eleu loro ! Never, O never !

Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her ?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.

Eleu loro ! There shall he be lying !

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted ;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted ;
Shame and dishonour sit
By his grave ever ;
Blessing shall hallow it,—
Never, O never !

Eleu loro ! Never, O never !

Sir Walter Scott.

CORONACH

The lament for Duncan in Canto iii. of *The Lady of the Lake*,
1810.

HE is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font reappearing
From the raindrops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,¹
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone; and for ever!

Sir Walter Scott.

¹ The hollow side of the hill where game usually lies.

BRIGNALL BANKS

Edmund's song in Canto iii. of *Rokeby* (1812).

O, BRIGNALL banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there,
Would grace a summer queen ;
And as I rode by Dalton Hall,
Beneath the turrets high,
A Maiden on the castle wall
Was singing merrily :—

‘O, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green !
I’d rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English Queen.’—

‘If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we,
That dwell by dale and down,
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed
As blithe as Queen of May.’—

Yet sung she :—‘ Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green !
I’d rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English Queen.

‘I read you, by your bugle horn
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn,
To keep the king’s greenwood.’—

‘A Ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And ’tis at peep of light ;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night.’—

Yet sung she :—‘ Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay ;
I would I were with Edmund there
To reign his Queen of May !

‘ With burnish’d brand and musketoon
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold Dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum.’—
‘ I list no more the tuck of drum,
Nor more the trumpet hear ;
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear.

‘ And, O ! though Brignall banks be fair,
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare,
Would reign my Queen of May !

‘ Maiden ! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I’ll die !
The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,
Were better mate than I !
And when I’m with my comrades met,
Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now.’ •

Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
 And Greta woods are green,
 And you may gather garlands there
 Would grace a summer queen.

Sir Walter Scott.

THE ROVER

Song in Canto iii. of *Rokeby* (1812).

‘But hark! our merry men so gay
 Troll forth another roundelay.’

A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,
 A weary lot is thine!
 To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
 And press the rue for wine.
 A lightsome eye, a soldier’s mien,
 A feather of the blue,
 A doublet of the Lincoln green—
 No more of me you knew
 My Love!
 No more of me you knew.

‘This morn is merry June, I trow,
 The rose is budding fain;
 But she shall bloom in winter snow
 Ere we two meet again.’
 He turn’d his charger as he spake
 Upon the river shore,
 He gave the bridle-reins a shake,
 Said ‘Adieu for evermore
 My love!
 And adieu for evermore.’

Sir Walter Scott.

THE HERO.

The motto of chap. xxxiv. of *Old Mortality*, in which Claverhouse prophesies his own death in the moment of victory.

SOUND, sound the clarion, fill the fife !

To all the sensual world proclaim,

One crowded hour of glorious life

Is worth an age without a name.

Sir Walter Scott.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN

The first stanza of this ballad is ancient. The others were written for Campbell's *Albyn's Anthology*, 1816.

‘WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie ?

Why weep ye by the tide ?

I'll wed ye to my youngest son,

And ye sall be his bride :

And ye sall be his bride, ladie,

Sae comely to be seen '—

But aye she loot the tears down fa'

For Jock of Hazeldean.

‘Now let this wilfu' grief be done,

And dry that cheek so pale ;

Young Frank is chief of Errington

And lord of Langley-dale ;

His step is first in peaceful ha',

His sword in battle keen '—

But aye she loot the tears down fa'

For Jock of Hazeldean.

‘A chain of gold ye sall not lack,

Nor braid to bind your hair,

Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,

Nor palfrey fresh and fair ;

And you the foremost o' them a'
 Shall ride our forest-queen'—
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
 The tapers glimmer'd fair;
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
 And dame and knight are there:
 They sought her baith by bower and ha';
 The ladie was not seen!
 She's o'er the Border, and awa'
 Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

Sir Walter Scott.

THE PIPE-SUMMONS OF DONALD THE BLACK

Written for Campbell's *Albyn's Anthology*, 1816, upon a Gaelic verse which Scott translates—

The pipe-summons of Donald the Black,
 The pipe-summons of Donald the Black,
 The war-pipe and pennon are on the gathering place at Inverlocky.

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu
 Pibroch of Donuil
 Wake thy wild voice anew,
 Summon Clan Conuil.
 Come away, come away,
 Hark to the summons!
 Come in your war array,
 Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
 From mountain so rocky;
 The war-pipe and pennon
 Are at Inverlocky.

Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter :
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar ;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges :
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded :
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;
See how they gather !
Wide waves the eagle plume
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set !
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
Knell for the onset !

Sir Walter Scott.

PROUD MAISIE

Madge Wildfire's last song in *The Heart of Midlothian*, 1818.

PROUD Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early ;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

‘ Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me ? ’ —

‘ When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye.’

‘ Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly ? ’ —

‘ The grey-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

‘ The glow-worm o’er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady ;

The owl from the steeple sing : —

“ Welcome, proud lady ! ”

Sir Walter Scott.

COUNTY GUY

Song in chap. iv. of *Quentin Durward*, 1823.

AH ! County Guy, the hour is nigh,

The sun has left the lea,

The orange-flower perfumes the bower,

The breeze is on the sea.

The lark, his lay who thrill’d all day,

Sits hush’d his partner nigh ;

Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour,

But where is County Guy ?

The village maid steals through the shade
 Her shepherd's suit to hear;
 To beauty shy, by lattice high,
 Sings high-born Cavalier.
 The star of Love, all stars above,
 Now reigns o'er earth and sky,
 And high and low the influence know—
 But where is County Guy?

Sir Walter Scott.

EVENING

From *The Doom of Devorgoil*, a drama published 1830. When the curtain rises Flora enters, looks timidly round and speaks:—

He is not here—those pleasures are not ours
 Which placid evening brings to all things else.
[She sings.]

THE sun upon the lake is low,
 The wild birds hush their song,
 The hills have evening's deepest glow,
 Yet Leonard tarries long.
 Now all whom varied toil and care
 From home and love divide,
 In the calm sunset may repair
 Each to the loved one's side.

The noble dame, on turret high,
 Who waits her gallant knight,
 Looks to the western beam to spy
 The flash of armour bright.
 The village maid, with hand on brow
 The level ray to shade,
 Upon the footpath watches now
 For Colin's darkening plaid.

Now to their mates the wild swans row,
 By day they swam apart,
 And to the thicket wanders slow
 The hind beside the hart.
 The woodlark at his partner's side
 Twitters his closing song—
 All meet whom day and care divide,
 But Leonard tarries long!

Sir Walter Scott.

BONNY DUNDEE

Leonard's song in Act II. Sc. ii. of *The Doom of Devorgoil*, 1830. It is composed from the account of Dundee's retreat given in Dalrymple's *Memoirs*, ii. 305.

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who
 spoke :—
 ' Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns
 to be broke,
 So let each Cavalier, who loves honour and me,
 Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.'

' Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
 Come saddle your horses, and call up your men ;
 Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,
 And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee !'

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street ;
 The bells are rung backward, the drums they are
 beat ;
 But the Provost, douce man, said :—' Just e'en let
 him be !
 The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of
 Dundee.'

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;
But the young plants of grace they look'd couthie
and slee,
Thinking:—Luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny
Dundee!

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket¹ was
cramm'd,
As if half the West had set tryst to be hang'd;
There was spite in each look, there was fear in
each e'e,
As they watch'd for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits, and had
spears
And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway
was free
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

He spurr'd to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke:—
'Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words,
or three,
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.'

The Gordon 'demands of him, Which way he
goes?
'Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

¹ Before 1784 the Grassmarket was the common place
of execution in Edinburgh.

‘ There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond
Forth,
If there’s lords in the Lowlands, there’s chiefs in
the North ;
There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times
three,
Will cry *hoigh* ! for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

‘ There’s brass on the target of barken’d bull-hide,
There’s steel in the scabbard that dangles beside :
The brass shall be burnish’d, the steel shall flash
free,
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

‘ Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks—
Ere I own an usurper, I’ll couch with the fox ;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your
glee—
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me ! ’

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were
blown,
The kettle-drums clash’d, and the horsemen rode
on,
Till on Ravelston’s cliffs and on Clermiston’s lee
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle the horses and call up the men,
Come open your gates, and let me gae free,
For it’s up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee !
Sir Walter Scott.

THE TWA CORBIES

This text was communicated to Scott for the *Minstrelsy* by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, 'as written down from tradition by a lady.' The poem is connected with the English dirge, 'The Three Ravens,' which occurs in Ravenscroft's *Melismata: Musical Phantasies*, London, 1611. Ritson judged the dirge "much older than the date of the book."

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies¹ making a mane,
The tane unto the t'other say:—
'Where sall we gang and dine to-day?'

'—In behint yon auld fail² dyke,
I wat there lies a new slain Knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

'His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en another mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

'Ye'll sit on his white hause³-bane,
And I'll pick out his bonnie blue een.
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
We'll theck⁴ our nest when it grows bare.

'Mony a one for him maks mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane!
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair.'

Anonymous.

¹ Crows.

² Turf.

³ Neck.

⁴ Thatch.

O, WALY WALY UP THE BANK

Printed in Percy's *Reliques*, where it is called "a very ancient song."

O, WALY waly up the bank,
And waly waly down the brae,
And waly waly yon burn-side
Where I and my Love wont to gae !
I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree ;
But first it bow'd and sync it brak—
Sae my true Love did lichtly me.

O, waly waly, but love is bonny
A little time while it is new ;
But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld
And fades awa' like morning dew.
O, wherefore should I busk my head ?
Or wherefore should I kame my hair ?
For my true Love has me forsook,
And says he'll never loc me mair.

Now Arthur's-Scat sall be my bed :
The sheets sall ne'er be pressed by me.
Saint Anton's Well sall be my drink,
Since my true Love has forsaken me.
Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blow
And shake the green leaves aff the tree ?
O gentle Death, when wilt thou come ?
For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost, that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie,
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry ;
But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.

When we came in by Glasgow town
 We were a comely sight to see :
 My Love was clad in the black velvet,
 And I mysell in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kist,
 That love had been sae ill to win,
 I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd
 And pinn'd it with a siller pin.
 And, O ! if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurse's knee,
 And I mysell were dead and gane,
 And the green grass growing over me !
Anonymous.

HELEN OF KIRCONNELL

A Dumfries-shire ballad of the 17th century, handed down by tradition. The text is Scott's, from the *Minstrelsy*.

I WISH I were where Helen lies ;
 Night and day on me she cries :
 O, that I were where Helen lies
 On fair Kirconnell Lee.

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
 And curst the hand that fired the shot,
 When in my arms burd¹ Helen dropt,
 And died to succour me !

O, think na ye my heart was sair
 When my Love dropt down and spak nae mair !
 I laid her down wi' meikle care
 On fair Kirconnell Lee.

¹ Maid.

As I went down the water-side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma',
I hacked him in pieces sma'
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare !
I'll make a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for evermair
Until the day I die.

O, that I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries :
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says :—' Haste and come to me ! '

O Helen fair ! O Helen chaste !
If I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies ;
Night and day on me she cries ;
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me.

Anonymous.

IF DOUGHTY DEEDS

From the *Minstrelsy*. Scott supposed the verses to have been perhaps by 'the great Marquis of Montrose,' but discovered before his second edition that they were 'composed by the late Mr Graham of Gartmore.'

If doughty deeds my lady please,
 Right soon I'll mount my steed,
 And strong his arm, and fast his seat,
 That bears frae me the meed.
 I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
 Thy picture at my heart;
 And he that bends not to thine eye
 Shall rue it to his smart!
 Then tell me how to woo thee, Love,
 O, tell me how to woo thee!
 For thy dear sake nae care I'll take,
 Tho' ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye,
 I'll dight me in array,
 I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
 And squire thee all the day.
 If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
 These sounds I'll strive to catch:
 Thy voice I'll steal to woo thyself,
 That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
 I never broke a vow,
 Nae maiden lays her skaith to me,
 I never loved but you.
 For you alone I ride the ring,
 For you I wear the blue,
 For you alone I strive to sing—
 O, tell me how to woo!

Then tell me how to woo thee, Love,
O, tell me how to woo thee !
For thy dear sake nae care I'll take,
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

Graham of Gartmore.

WILLIE DROWNED IN YARROW

A composite work in part not later than the 17th century, but put together under Scott's influence.

Down in yon garden sweet and gay
Where bonnie grows the lily,
I heard a fair maid sighing say :—
' My wish be wi' sweet Willie !

' Willie's rare, and Willie's fair,
And Willie's wondrous bonny ;
And Willie hecht to marry me,
Gin e'er he married ony.

' O gentle wind that bloweth south
From where my Love repaireth,
Convey a kiss frae his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth !

' O, tell sweet Willie to come doun
And hear the mavis singing,
And see the birds on ilka bush
And leaves around them hinging :

' The lav'rock there, wi' her white breast
And gentle throat sae narrow !
There's sport eneuch for gentlemen
On Leader haughs¹ and Yarrow.

¹ Meadows.

‘ O, Leader haughs are wide and braid,
And Yarrow haughs are bonny :
There Willie hecht ¹ to marry me,
If e’er he married ony.

‘ But Willie’s gone, whom I thought on,
And does not hear me weeping,
Draws many a tear frae’s true love’s e’e,
When other maids are sleeping.

‘ Yestreen I made my bed fu’ braid,
The night I’ll mak’ it narrow,
For a’ the lee-lang winter night
I lie twined ² o’ my marrow.³

‘ O, came ye by yon water-side ?
Pu’d you the rose or lily ?
Or came you by yon meadow green,
Or saw you my sweet Willie ?’

• She sought him up, she sought him down,
She sought him braid and narrow ;
Syne, in the cleaving ⁴ of a crag,
She found him drown’d in Yarrow.

Anonymous.

WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

‘ Actually composed (1798) while I was sitting by the side of the brook that runs down from the Comb, in which stands the village of Alford, through the grounds of Alfoxden.’

I HEARD a thousand blended notes
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

¹ Promised.

² Separated from.

³ Mate.

⁴ Cleft.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran ;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What Man has made of Man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths ;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure,—
But the least motion which they made
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air ;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What Man has made of Man ?

William Wordsworth.

LUCY

Written in Germany, 1799.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love :

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye !
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and, O,
The difference to me !

William Wordsworth.

DEATH IN ABSENCE

Written in Germany, 1799.

I TRAVELLED among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea ;
Nor, England ! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream !
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time ; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire ;
And she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed
The bowers where Lucy played ;
And thine too is the last green field
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

William Wordsworth.

NATURE'S CHILD

Composed in the Hartz Forest, 1799.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower ;
Then Nature said, ' A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown :
This Child I to myself will take ;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A Lady of my own.

' Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse ; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

' She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs ;
And her's shall be the breathing balm,
And her's the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

' The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her ; for her the willow bend ;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

' The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her ; and she shall lean her ear

In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

‘And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell ;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell.’

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy’s race was run !
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene ;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

William Wordsworth.

DEAD

Germany, 1799.

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal ;
I had no human fears :
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force ;
She neither hears nor sees ;
Rolled round in earth’s diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

William Wordsworth.

THE FOUNTAIN

A Conversation

1799.

WE talked with open heart, and tongue
Affectionate and true,
A pair of friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
Beside a mossy seat ;
And from the turf a fountain broke
And gurgled at our feet.

‘ Now, Matthew ! ’ said I, ‘ let us match
This water’s pleasant tune
With some old border-song, or catch
That suits a summer’s noon ;

‘ Or of the church-clock and the chimes
Sing here beneath the shade
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes
Which you last April made ! ’

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed
The spring beneath the tree ;
And thus the dear old man replied,
The grey-haired man of glee :

‘ No check, no stay, this Streamlet fears,
How merrily it goes !
’Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

‘ And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this fountain’s brink.

‘ My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

‘ Thus fares it still in our decay :
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away,
Than what it leaves behind.

‘ The blackbird amid leafy trees,
The lark above the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

‘ With Nature never do they wage
A foolish strife ; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free :

‘ But we are press’d by heavy laws ;
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.

‘ If there be one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own ;
It is the man of mirth

‘My days, my Friend, are almost gone,
My life has been approved,
And many love me ; but by none
Am I enough beloved.’

‘Now both himself and me he wrongs,
The man who thus complains !
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these happy plains :

‘And Matthew, for thy children dead
I’ll be a son to thee ! ’
At this he grasp’d my hand and said,
‘Alas ! that cannot be.’

—We rose up from the fountain-side ;
And down the smooth descent
Of the green sheep-track did we glide ;
And through the wood we went ;

And ere we came to Leonard’s rock
He sang those witty rhymes
About the crazy old church-clock,
And the bewilder’d chimes.

William Wordsworth.

LUCY GRAY ; OR, SOLITUDE

Written at Goslar in Germany, 1799.

OF I had heard of Lucy Gray :
And when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
—The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

‘To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow.’

‘That, Father ! will I gladly do :
’Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon !’

At this the Father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot-band ;
He plied his work ;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :
She wander’d up and down ;
And many a hill did Lucy climb :
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor :
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried
‘ In heaven we all shall meet ! ’
—When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy’s feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill’s edge
They tracked the footmarks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall ;

And then an open field they crossed :
The marks were still the same ;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost ;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank ;
And further there were none !

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child ;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind ;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

William Wordsworth.

RUTH

Written in Germany (1799), at Goslar. "Suggested by an account I had of a wanderer in Somersetshire."

WHEN Ruth was left half desolate
Her father took another mate ;
And Ruth, not seven years old,
A slighted child, at her own will
Went wandering over dale and hill,
In thoughtless freedom, bold.

And she had made a pipe of straw,
And music from that pipe could draw
Like sounds of winds and floods ;
Had built a bower upon the green,
As if she from her birth had been
An infant of the woods.

Beneath her father's roof, alone
She seemed to live ; her thoughts her own ;
Herself her own delight :
Pleased with herself, nor sad nor gay ;
And passing thus the live-long day,
She grew to woman's height.

There came a youth from Georgia's shore—
A military casque he wore

With splendid feathers drest ;
He brought them from the Cherokees ;
The feathers nodded in the breeze
And made a gallant crest.

From Indian blood you deem him sprung :
But no ! he spake the English tongue
And bore a soldier's name ;
And, when America was free
From battle and from jeopardy,
He 'cross the ocean came.

With hues of genius on his cheek,
In finest tones the youth could speak :
—While he was yet a boy
The moon, the glory of the sun,
And streams that murmur as they run
Had been his dearest joy.

He was a lovely youth ! I guess
The panther in the wilderness
Was not so fair as he ;
And when he chose to sport and play,
No dolphin ever was so gay
Upon the tropic sea.

Among the Indians he had fought ;
And with him many tales he brought
Of pleasure and of fear ;
Such tales as, told to any maid
By such a youth, in the green shade,
Were perilous to hear.

He told of girls a happy rout !
Who quit their fold with dance and shout,

Their pleasant Indian town,
To gather strawberries all day long ;
Returning with a choral song
When daylight is gone down.

He spake of plants that hourly change
Their blossoms, through a boundless range
Of intermingling hues ;
With budding, fading, faded flowers,
They stand the wonder of the bowers
From morn to evening dews.

He told of the magnolia, spread
High as a cloud, high over head !
The cypress and her spire ;
—Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam
Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
To set the hills on fire.

- The youth of green savannahs spake,
And many an endless, endless lake
With all its fairy crowds
Of islands, that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Among the evening clouds.

‘ How pleasant,’ then he said, ‘ it were
A fisher or a hunter there,
In sunshine or in shade
To wander with an easy mind ;
And build a household fire, and find
A home in every glade !

‘ What days and what bright years ! Ah me !
Our life were life indeed, with thee

So pass'd in quiet bliss ;
And all the while,' said he, ' to know
That we were in a world of woe,
On such an earth as this ! '

And then he sometimes interwove
Fond thoughts about a father's love,
' For there,' said he, ' are spun
Around the heart such tender ties,
That our own children to our eyes
Are dearer than the sun.

' Sweet Ruth ! and could you go with me
My helpmate in the woods to be,
Our shed at night to rear ;
Or run, my own adopted bride,
A sylvan huntress at my side,
And drive the flying deer !

' Beloved Ruth ! '—No more he said.
The wakeful Ruth at midnight shed
A solitary tear :
She thought again—and did agree
With him to sail across the sea,
And drive the flying deer.

' And now, as fitting is and right,
We in the church our faith will plight,
A husband and a wife.'
Even so they did ; and I may say
That to sweet Ruth that happy day
Was more than human life.

Through dream and vision did she sink,
Delighted all the while to think

That, on those lonesome floods
And green savannahs, she should share
His board with lawful joy, and bear
His name in the wild woods.

But, as you have before been told,
This Stripling, sportive, gay, and bold,
And with his dancing crest
So beautiful, through savage lands
Had roam'd about, with vagrant bands
Of Indians in the West.

The wind, the tempest roaring high;
The tumult of a tropic sky
Might well be dangerous food
For him, a youth to whom was given
So much of earth—so much of heaven,
And such impetuous blood.

Whatever in those climes he found
Irregular in sight or sound
Did to his mind impart
A kindred impulse, seemed allied
To his own powers, and justified
The workings of his heart.

Nor less, to feed voluptuous thought,
The beauteous forms of Nature wrought,—
Fair trees and gorgeous flowers;
The breezes their own languor lent;
The stars had feelings, which they sent
Into those favoured bowers.

Yet, in his worst pursuits, I ween
That sometimes there did intervene

Pure hopes of high intent :
For passions linked to forms so fair
And stately, needs must have their share
Of noble sentiment.

But ill he lived, much evil saw,
With men to whom no better law
Nor better life was known ;
Deliberately and undeceived
Those wild men's vices he received,
And gave them back his own.

His genius and his moral frame
Were thus impair'd, and he became
The slave of low desires :
A man who without self-control
Would seek what the degraded soul
Unworthily admires.

And yet he with no feigned delight
Had wooed the maiden, day and night
Had loved her, night and morn :
What could he less than love a maid
Whose heart with so much nature played—
So kind and so forlorn ?

Sometimes most earnestly he said,
'O Ruth ! I have been worse than dead ;
False thoughts, thoughts bold and vain
Encompassed me on every side
When I, in confidence and pride,
Had crossed the Atlantic main.

'Before me shone a glorious world
Fresh as a banner bright, unfurled

To music suddenly :
I looked upon those hills and plains,
And seemed as if let loose from chains
To live at liberty !

‘ No more of this—for now, by thee,
Dear Ruth ! more happily set free,
With nobler zeal I burn ;
My soul from darkness is released
Like the whole sky when to the east
The morning doth return.’

Full soon that better mind was gone ;
No hope, no wish remain’d, not one,—
They stirred him now no more ;
New objects did new pleasure give,
And once again he wished to live
As lawless as before.

• Meanwhile, as thus with him it fared,
They for the voyage were prepared,
And went to the sea-shore :
But, when they thither came, the youth
Deserted his poor bride, and Ruth
Could never find him more.

God help thee, Ruth !—Such pains she had
That she in half a year was mad
And in a prison housed ;
And there, with many a doleful song
Made of wild words, her cup of wrong
She fearfully caroused.

Yet sometimes milder hours she knew,
Nor wanted sun, nor rain, nor dew,

Nor pastimes of the May,
—They all were with her in her cell ;
And a clear brook with cheerful knell
Did o'er the pebbles play.

When Ruth three seasons thus had lain,
There came a respite to her pain ;
She from her prison fled ;
But of the Vagrant none took thought ;
And where it liked her best she sought
Her shelter and her bread.

Among the fields she breathed again :
The master-current of her brain
Ran permanent and free ;
And, coming to the banks of Tone,
There did she rest ; and dwell alone
Under the greenwood tree.

The engines of her pain, the tools
That shaped her sorrow, rocks and pools,
And airs that gently stir
The vernal leaves—she loved them still ;
Nor ever taxed them with the ill
Which had been done to her.

A barn her winter bed supplies ;
But, till the warmth of summer skies
And summer days is gone,
(And all do in this tale agree)
She sleeps beneath the greenwood tree,
And other home hath none.

An innocent life, yet far astray !
And Ruth will, long before her day,

Be broken down and old :
Sore aches she needs must have ! but less
Of mind, than body's wretchedness,
From damp, and rain, and cold.

If she is prest by want of food
She from her dwelling in the wood
Repairs to a road-side ;
And there she begs at one steep place,
Where up and down with easy pace
The horsemen-travellers ride.

That oaten pipe of hers is mute
Or thrown away : but with a flute
Her loneliness she cheers ;
This flute, made of a hemlock stalk,
At evening in his homeward walk
The Quantock woodman hears.

I, too, have pass'd her on the hills
Setting her little water-mills
By spouts and fountains wild—
Such small machinery as she turned
Ere she had wept, ere she had mourned,—
A young and happy child !

Farewell ! and when thy days are told,
Ill-fated Ruth ! in hallowed mould
Thy corpse shall buried be ;
For thee a funeral bell shall ring,
And all the congregation sing
A Christian psalm for thee.

William Wordsworth.

"MY HEART LEAPS UP"

Written at Town-end, Grasmere, 1802. Wordsworth quotes the last three lines in his comments on the composition of the Ode on Intimations of Immortality.

My heart leaps up when I behold

A rainbow in the sky :

So was it when my life began ;

So is it now I am a man ;

So be it when I shall grow old,

Or let me die !

The Child is father of the Man :

And I could wish my days to be

Bound each to each by natural piety.

William Wordsworth.

UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

SEPT. 3, 1802

Written on the roof of a coach "on my way to France."

EARTH has not anything to show more fair :

Dull would he be of soul who could pass by

A sight so touching in its majesty :

This City now doth like a garment wear

The beauty of the morning : silent, bare,

Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie

Open unto the fields, and to the sky,—

All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep

In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ;

Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !

The river glideth at his own sweet will :

• Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;

And all that mighty heart is lying still !

William Wordsworth.

ABRAHAM'S BOSOM

Composed on the beach near Calais in the autumn of 1802.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free ;
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea :
Listen ! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear child ! dear girl ! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought
Thy nature is not therefore less divine :
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

William Wordsworth.

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE
VENETIAN REPUBLIC

ONCE did she hold the gorgeous east in fee
And was the safeguard of the west : the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty
She was a maiden City, bright and free ;
No guile seduced, no force could violate ;
And when she took unto herself a mate,
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.
And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay ;

Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
 When her long life has reach'd its final day :
 Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
 Of that which once was great is pass'd away.

William Wordsworth.

TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

1802.

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of men !
 Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough
 Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
 Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den ;—
 O miserable Chieftain ! where and when
 Wilt thou find patience ? Yet die not ; do thou
 Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow :
 Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
 Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
 Powers that will work for thee ; air, earth, and skies ;
 'There's not a breathing of the common wind
 That will forget thee ; thou hast great allies ;
 Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
 And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

William Wordsworth.

THE BREAD OF LIFE

'This was written (September 1802) immediately after my return from France to London, when I could not but be struck as here described, with the vanity and parade of our own country, especially in great towns and cities, as contrasted with the quiet, and I may say the desolation, that the revolution had produced in France.'

O FRIEND ! I know not which way I must look
 For comfort, being, as I am, oppress'd
 To think that now our life is only drest
 For show ; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,

Or groom!—We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest ;
The wealthiest man among us is the best :
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry ; and these we adore :
Plain living and high thinking are no more :
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone ; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

William Wordsworth.

MILTON

MILTON ! thou shouldst be living at this hour :
England hath need of thee : she is a fen
Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men :
Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart :
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free ;
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

William Wordsworth.

WHEN I HAVE BORNE IN MEMORY

1802.

WHEN I have borne in memory what has tamed
 Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart
 When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
 The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed,
 I had, my Country!—am I to be blamed?
 Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,
 Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
 Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
 For dearly must we prize thee; we who find
 In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;
 And I by my affection was beguiled:
 What wonder if a Poet now and then,
 Among the many movements of his mind,
 Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

*William Wordsworth.*TO A HIGHLAND GIRL AT INVER-
SNEYDE UPON LOCH LOMOND

One of the 'Memorials of a Tour in Scotland,' 1803, as is the next poem also.

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower
 Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
 Twice seven consenting years have shed
 Their utmost bounty on thy head:
 And these gray rocks, that household lawn,
 Those trees—a veil just half withdrawn,
 • This fall of water that doth make
 A murmur near the silent lake,

This little bay, a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode ;
In truth together do ye seem
Like something fashion'd in a dream ;
Such forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep !
But O fair Creature ! in the light
Of common day, so heavenly bright,
I bless Thee, Vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart :
God shield thee to thy latest years !
Thee neither know I nor thy peers :
And yet my eyes are fill'd with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away ;
For never saw I mien or face
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here scatter'd, like a random seed,
Remote from men, Thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness :
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a Mountaineer :
A face with gladness overspread ;
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred ;
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays ;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech :

A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life !
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind—
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
For thee who art so beautiful ?
O happy pleasure ! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell ;
Adopt your homely ways, and dress,
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess !
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality :
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea : and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighbourhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see !
Thy elder brother I would be,
Thy father—anything to thee.

Now thanks to Heaven ! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place :
Joy have I had ; and going hence
I bear away my recompence.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes :
Then why should I be loth to stir ?
I feel this place was made for her ;
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland Girl ! from thee to part ;

For I, methinks, till I grow old
 As fair before me shall behold
 As I do now, the cabin small,
 The lake, the bay, the waterfall ;
 And Thee, the Spirit of them all !

William Wordsworth.

YARROW UNVISITED

Written 1803, with special reference to Hamilton's ballad,

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny Bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome Marrow."

FROM Stirling Castle we had seen
 The mazy Forth unravelled,
 Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,
 And with the Tweed had travelled ;
 And when we came to Clovenford,
 Then said my 'winsome Marrow,'
 'Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
 And see the Bracs of Yarrow.'

'Let Yarrow folk, frae Selkirk town,
 Who have been buying, selling,
 Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own,
 Each maiden to her dwelling !
 On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
 Hares couch, and rabbits burrow ;
 But we will downward with the Tweed,
 Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

'There's Gala Water, Leader Haughs,
 Both lying right before us ;
 And Dryburgh, where with chiming Tweed
 The lintwhites sing in chorus ;

There's pleasant Tiviot-dale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow :
Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow ?

'What's Yarrow but a river bare
That glides the dark hills under ?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder.'
—Strange words they seem'd of slight and scorn ;
My True-love sighed for sorrow,
And look'd me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow !

'O green,' said I, 'are Yarrow's holms,
And sweet is Yarrow flowing !
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path and open strath
We'll wander Scotland thorough ;
But, though so near, we will not turn
Into the dale of Yarrow.

'Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow ;
The swan on still Saint Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow !
We will not see them ; will not go
To-day, nor yet to-morrow ;
Enough if in our hearts we know
There's such a place as Yarrow.

* Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown !
It must, or we shall rue it :

We have a vision of our own,
 Ah! why should we undo it?
 The treasured dreams of times long past,
 We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!
 For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
 'Twill be another Yarrow!

'If Care with freezing years should come
 And wandering seem but folly,—
 Should we be loth to stir from home,
 And yet be melancholy;
 Should life be dull, and spirits low,
 'Twill soothe us in our sorrow
 That earth has something yet to show,
 The bonny holms of Yarrow!'

William Wordsworth.

ODE ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

Composed at Townend, Grasmere. The first four stanzas in 1803, the remainder two years later.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and
 stream,
 The earth, and every common sight
 To me did seem
 Apparelled in celestial light,
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.
 It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,
 By night or day,
 The things which I have seen I now can see no
 more.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose ;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare ;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair ;
The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief :
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong.
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep ;—
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong :
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay ;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday ;—
Thou child of joy
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou
happy Shepherd-boy ! •

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make ; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;
My heart is at your festival,

My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
 Oh evil day! if I were sullen
 While Earth herself is adorning
 This sweet May morning;
And the children are culling
 On every side
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm:—
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
 —But there's a tree, of many, one,
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
 The pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?
.
Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting
 And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farthest from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,

And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended ;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate, Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' darling of a pigmy size !
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes !
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment of his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art ;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral ;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song :
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part ;
Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'

With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That life brings with her in her equipage ;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy soul's immensity ;
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal Mind,—
 Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !
 On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by ;
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

 O joy ! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That Nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive !
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction : not indeed

For that which is most worthy to be blest,
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his
 breast :—

—Not for these I* raise
 The song of thanks and praise ;
 But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings ;
 Blank misgivings of a creature
 Moving about in worlds not realised,
 High instincts, before which our mortal nature
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :

But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
 Are yet a master-light of all our seeing ;
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal Silence : truths that wake,
 To perish never ;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
 Nor man nor boy
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy !

Hence, in a season of calm weather
 Though inland far we be,
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither ;

Can in a moment travel thither—
 And see the children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then, sing ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !

And let the young lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound !

We, in thought, will join your throng

Ye that pipe and ye that play,

Ye that through your hearts to-day

Feel the gladness of the May !

What though the radiance which was once so bright

Be now for ever taken from my sight,

Though nothing can bring back the hour

Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;

We will grieve not, rather find

Strength in what remains behind ;

In the primal sympathy

Which having been must ever be ;

In the soothing thoughts that spring

Out of human suffering ;

In the faith that looks through death,

In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and
Groves,

Forbode not any severing of our loves !

Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;

I only have relinquish'd one delight

To live beneath your more habitual sway :

I love the brooks which down their channels fret

Even more than when I tripped lightly as they ;

The innocent brightness of a new-born day

Is lovely yet ;

The clouds that gather round the setting sun

Do take a sober colouring from an eye

That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;

Another race hath been, and other palms are won.

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

William Wordsworth.

TO THE CUCKOO

Composed in the orchard, Townend, Grasmere, 1804.

O BLITHE New-comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering voice ?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear :
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery :

The same whom in my schoolboy days
I listened to ; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
 Through woods and on the green ;
 And thou wert still a hope, a love—
 Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet ;
 Can lie upon the plain
 And listen, till I do beget
 That golden time again.

O blessed Bird ! the earth we pace
 Again appears to be
 An unsubstantial, faery place :
 That is fit home for thee !
William Wordsworth.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM

Written 1804, at Townend, Grasmere, to his wife, from four lines originally in the poem to the Highland Girl.

SHE was a Phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight ;
 A lovely Apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament ;
 Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair,
 Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful Dawn ;
 A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
 A Spirit, yet a Woman too !
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin-liberty ;

A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eyes serene
The very pulse of the machine ;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death ;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

William Wordsworth.

THE DAFFODILS

Written at Townend, Grasmere, 1804.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay :
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
 Out-did the sparkling waves in glee :—
 A Poet could not but be gay
 In such a jocund company !
 I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought ;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude ;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

William Wordsworth.

THE SMALL CELANDINE

1804.

THERE is a Flower, the lesser Celandine,
 That shrinks like many more from cold and
 rain,
 And the first moment that the sun may shine,
 Bright as the sun himself, 'tis out again !

When hailstones have been falling, swarm on swarm,
 Or blasts the green field and the trees distress,
 Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm
 In close self-shelter, like a thing at rest.

But lately, one rough day, this Flower I past,
 And recognised it, though an alter'd form,
 Now standing forth an offering to the blast,
 And buffeted at will by rain and storm.

I stopp'd and said, with inly-mutter'd voice,
 'It doth not love the shower, nor seek the cold ;
 This neither is its courage nor its choice,
 But its necessity in being old.
 The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the dew ;
 It cannot help itself in its decay ;
 Stiff in its members, wither'd, changed of hue,—
 And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was grey.

To be a prodigal's favourite—then, worse truth,
 A miser's pensioner—behold our lot !
 O Man ! that from thy fair and shining youth
 Age might but take the things Youth needed not !

William Wordsworth.

ODE TO DUTY

Composed 1805, with the motto, "Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eo perductus, ut non tantum recte facere possim, sed nisi recte facere non possim."

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God !
 O Duty ! if that name thou love
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove ;
 Thou who art victory and law
 When empty terrors overawe ;
 From vain temptations dost set free,
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them ; who, in love and truth
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth :
 • Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot,
 Who do thy work, and know it not :

Oh ! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power ! around
 them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright
And happy will our nature be
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed ;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust :
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferr'd
The task, in smoother walks to stray ;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control ;
But in the quietness of thought :
Me this unchartered freedom tires ;
I feel the weight of chance-desires :
My hopes no more must change their name ;
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face :

Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are
fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !
I call thee : I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
Oh let my weakness have an end !
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
The confidence of reason give ;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!
William Wordsworth.

TO THE DAISY

1805.

WITH little here to do or see
Of things that in the great world be,
Daisy ! again I talk to thee
For thou art worthy,
Thou unassuming Common-place
Of Nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace
Which Love makes for thee !

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit and play with similes,
Loose types of things through all degrees,
Thoughts of thy raising ;

And many a fond and idle name
I give to thee, for praise or blame
As is the humour of the game,
While I am gazing.

A nun demure, of lowly port ;
Or sprightly maiden, of Love's court,
In thy simplicity the sport
Of all temptations ;
A queen in crown of rubies drest ;
A starveling in a scanty vest ;
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.

A little Cyclops, with one eye
Staring to threaten and defy,
'That thought comes next—and instantly
The freak is over,
The shape will vanish, and behold !
A silver shield with boss of gold
That spreads itself, some faery bold
In fight to cover.

I see thee glittering from afar—
And then thou art a pretty star,
Not quite so fair as many are
In heaven above thee !
Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest ;—
May peace come never to his nest
Who shall reprove thee !

Bright Flower ! for by that name at last
When all my reveries are past
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet silent Creature !

That breath'st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature !

William Wordsworth.

ADMONITION TO A TRAVELLER

1806.

YES, there is holy pleasure in thine eye !¹
—The lovely Cottage in the guardian nook
Hath stirr'd thee deeply ; with its own dear
brook,
Its own small pasture, almost its own sky !
But covet not the abode ; forbear to sigh
As many do, repining while they look ;
Intruders—who would tear from Nature's book
This precious leaf with harsh impiety.
—Think what the home must be if it were thine,
Even thine, though few thy wants !—Roof, window,
door,
The very flowers are sacred to the Poor,
The roses to the porch which they entwine :
Yea, all that now enchants thee, from the day
On which it should be touch'd, would melt away !

William Wordsworth.

¹ v. l. Well may'st thou halt — and gaze with
brightening eye !

‘THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH
US.’

Composed 1806.

THE World is too much with us ; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers ;
Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune ;
It moves us not.—Great God ! I’d rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,—
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

William Wordsworth.

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE
SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND

Composed at Coleorton, 1807.

Two Voices are there ; one is of the Sea,
One of the Mountains ; each a mighty Voice :
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty !
There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought’st against him,—but hast vainly striven :
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.

—Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft ;
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left—
For, high-soul'd Maid, what sorrow would it be
That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful Voice be heard by Thee !

William Wordsworth.

YARROW VISITED

Wordsworth visited Yarrow in the company of Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, September, 1814.

And is this—Yarrow ?—This the stream
Of which my fancy cherished
So faithfully, a waking dream,
An image that hath perished ?
O that some minstrel's harp were near
To utter notes of gladness ;
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness !

Yet why ?—a silvery current flows
With uncontroll'd mcanderings ;
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted ;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow Vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender hazy brightness ;

Mild dawn of promise ! that excludes
All profitless dejection ;
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding ?
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding :
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The Water-wraith ascended thrice,
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the lay that sings
The haunts of happy lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers :
And pity sanctifies the verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love ;
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow !

But thou that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation :
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy :
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature ;

And rising from those lofty groves
Behold a ruin hoary,
The shatter'd front of Newark's towers,
Renown'd in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in,
For manhood to enjoy his strength,
And age to wear away in !
You cottage seems a bower of bliss,
A covert for protection
Of tender thoughts that nestle there—
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet on this autumnal day
The wild-wood fruits to gather,
And on my True-love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather !
And what if I enwreathed my own ?
'Twere no offence to reason ;
The sober hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee ;
A ray of fancy still survives—
Her sunshine plays upon thee !
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure ;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe
Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the heights,
They melt, and soon must vanish ;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—
Sad thought ! which I would banish,

But that I know, where'er I go,
 Thy genuine image, Yarrow!
 Will dwell with me, to heighten joy,
 And cheer my mind in sorrow.

William Wordsworth.

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE

One of the Ecclesiastical Sonnets, 1821-22.

TAX not the royal Saint with vain expense,
 With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned
 (Albeit labouring for a scanty band
 Of white-robed Scholars only) this immense
 And glorious work of fine intelligence!
 —Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
 Of nicely-calculated less or more:—
 So deem'd the man who fashion'd for the sense
 These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
 Self-posed, and scooped into ten thousand cells
 Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
 Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die;
 Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
 That they were born for immortality.

William Wordsworth.

TO THE SKYLARK

Written at Rydal Mount, 1825.

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
 Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
 Mount, daring warbler!—that love-prompted strain
 —'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond—
 Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
 Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
 All independent of the leafy Spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
 A privacy of glorious light is thine;
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
 Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

William Wordsworth.

THE TROSSACHS

1831. The sonnet is "coloured by the remembrance of my recent visit to Sir Walter Scott, and the melancholy errand on which he was going."

'THERE's not a nook within this solemn Pass,
 But were an apt confessional for One
 Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,
 That Life is but a tale of morning grass
 Withered at eve. From scenes of art which chase
 That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes
 Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,
 Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than glass
 Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice happy quest,
 If from a golden perch of aspen spray
 (October's workmanship to rival May),
 The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast
 That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,
 Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest!

William Wordsworth.

THE INNER VISION

The last of 48 poems composed during a tour in 1833.

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
 To pace the ground, if path be there or none,
 While a fair region round the traveller lies
 Which he forbears again to look upon ;
 Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,
 The work of Fancy, or some happy tone
 Of meditation, slipping in between
 The beauty coming and the beauty gone.
 —If Thought and Love desert us, from that day
 Let us break off all commerce with the Muse :
 With Thought and Love companions of our
 way—

Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,—
 The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews
 Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

William Wordsworth.

LOVE

1795?

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
 All are but ministers of Love,
 And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
 Live o'er again that happy hour,
 When midway on the mount I lay,
 Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene
Had blended with the lights of eve ;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve !

She leaned against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight ;
She stood and listen'd to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope ! my joy ! my Genevieve !
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand ;
And that for ten long years he woo'd
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined : and ah !
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace ;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face !

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he cross'd the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night ;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and look'd him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright ;
And that he knew it was a Fiend.
This miserable Knight !

And that unknowing what he did,
He leap'd amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land ;—

And how she wept, and clasped his knees ;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain ;—

And that she nursed him in a cave,
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay ;—

His dying words—but when I reach'd
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity !

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guileless Geneviève ;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long !

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love, and virgin shame ;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace ;
And bending back her head, look'd up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
 And told her love with virgin pride ;
 And so I won my Genevieve,
 My bright and beauteous Bride.
 Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

KUBLA KHAN

Composed 1797, after reading in *Purchas's Pilgrimage*;—
 "Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and
 a stately garden thereunto : and thus ten miles of fertile ground
 were inclosed with a wall." Coleridge believed he composed the
 lines while asleep. He was interrupted while writing them down,
 and could recall no more when his visitor left.

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure-dome decree :
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
 Through caverns measureless to man
 Down to a sunless sea.
 So twice five miles of fertile ground
 With walls and towers were girdled round :
 And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
 Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;
 And here were forests ancient as the hills,
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But O ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
 A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
 By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil
 seething,
 As if this Earth in fast thick pants were breathing,

A mighty fountain momentarily was forced :
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves,
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw :
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
His flashing eyes, his floating hair !

Weave a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

YOUTH AND AGE

Composed about 1827.

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
 Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
 Both were mine ! Life went a-maying
 With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
 When I was young !
 When I was young ?—Ah, woful when !
 Ah ! for the change 'twixt Now and Then !
 This breathing house not built with hands,
 This body that does me grievous wrong,
 O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands
 How lightly then it flash'd along :
 Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
 On winding lakes and rivers wide,
 That ask no aid of sail or oar,
 That fear no spite of wind or tide !
 Nought cared this body for wind or weather
 When Youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely ; Love is flower-like ;
 Friendship is a sheltering tree ;
 O ! the joys, that came down shower-like,
 Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,

Ere I was old !

Ere I was old ? Ah woful Ere,
 Which tells me, Youth's no longer here !

O Youth ! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known that Thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be, that Thou art gone !
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd ;
And thou wert aye a masker bold !
What strange disguise hast now put on
To make believe that Thou art gone ?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this alter'd size :
But Springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !
Life is but Thought : so think I will
That Youth and I are house-mates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve !
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve
 When we are old :
—That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking-leave,
Like some poor nigh-related guest
That may not rudely be dismiss'd,
Yet hath out-stay'd his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.
 Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

Dated by Lamb, January 1798 ; and originally beginning,

Where are they gone, the old familiar faces?
I had a mother, but she died, and left me,
Died prematurely in a day of horrors—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women :
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend,¹ a kinder friend has no man :
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom,² thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces,

How some they have died, and some they have
left me,
And some are taken from me ; all are departed ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

Charles Lamb.

¹ S. T. Coleridge.

² Charles Lloyd.

ON AN INFANT DYING AS SOON
AS BORN

Written, 1828, on the death of the first child of Thomas Hood.
Hood's daughter found, with the baby's hair, five lines in Hood's
hand-writing :

Little eyes that scarce did see,
Little lips that never smiled ;
Alas ! my little dear dead child,
Death is thy father, and not me,
I but embraced thee soon as he !

I SAW where in the shroud did lurk
A curious frame of Nature's work ;
A flow'ret crushed in the bud,
A nameless piece of Babyhood,
Was in her cradle-coffin lying ;
Extinct, with scarce the sense of dying :
So soon to exchange the imprisoning womb
For darker closets of the tomb !
She did but ope an eye, and put
A clear beam forth, then straight up shut
For the long dark : ne'er more to see
Through glasses of mortality.
Riddle of destiny, who can show
What thy short visit meant, or know
What thy errand here below ?
Shall we say, that Nature blind
Check'd her hand, and changed her mind
Just when she had exactly wrought
A finish'd pattern without fault ?
Could she flag, or could she tire,
Or lack'd she the Promethean fire
(With her nine moons' long working sicken'd)
That should thy little limbs have quicken'd ?
Limbs so firm, they seem'd to assure
Life of health, and days mature :
Woman's self in miniature !

Limbs so fair, they might supply
(Themselves now but cold imagery)
The sculptor to make Beauty by.
Or did the stern-eyed Fate descry
That babe or mother, one must die ;
So in mercy left the stock
And cut the branch ; to save the shock
Of young years widow'd, and the pain
When Single State comes back again
To the lone man who, reft of wife,
Thenceforward drags a maimed life ?
The economy of Heaven is dark,
And wisest clerks have miss'd the mark
Why human buds, like this, should fall,
More brief than fly ephemeral
'That has his day ; while shrivell'd crones
Stiffen with age to stocks and stones ;
And crabbed use the conscience sears
In sinners of an hundred years.
— Mother's prattle, mother's kiss,
Baby fond, thou ne'er wilt miss :
Rites, which custom does impose,
Silver bells, and baby clothes ;
Coral redder than those lips
Which pale death did late eclipse ;
Music framed for infants' glee,
Whistle never tuned for thee ;
Though thou want'st not, thou shalt have them,
Loving hearts were they which gave them.
Let not one be missing ; nurse,
See them laid upon the hearse
Of infant slain by doom perverse.
Why should kings and nobles have
Pictured trophies to their grave,

And we, churls, to thee deny
Thy pretty toys with thee to lie—
A more harmless vanity?

Charles Lamb.

CHILD'S PLAY

From *Poetry for Children*, 1809, by Charles and Mary Lamb.

A CHILD's a plaything for an hour ;
Its pretty tricks we try
For that or for a longer space,—
Then tire, and lay it by.

But I knew one that to itself
All seasons could control ;
That would have mock'd the sense of pain
Out of a grieved soul.

Thou straggler into loving arms,
Young climber up of knees,
When I forget thy thousand ways
Then life and all shall cease !

Mary Lamb.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

Written at Westbury, 1798.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun ;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found ;
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh
' 'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
' Who fell in the great victory.

' I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about ;
And often when I go to plough
The ploughshare turns them out !
For many thousand men,' said he,
' Were slain in that great victory.'

' Now tell us what 'twas all about,'
Young Peterkin he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
' Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for.'

' It was the English,' Kaspar cried,
' Who put the French to rout ;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out ;
But everybody said,' quoth he,
' That 'twas a famous victory.

‘ My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by ;
 They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly :
 So with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where t^o rest his head.

‘ With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide,
 And many a childing mother then
 And newborn baby died :
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At every famous victory.

‘ They say it was a shocking sight
 After the field was won ;
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun :
 But things like that, you know, must be
 After a famous victory.

‘ Great praise the Duke of Marlbro’ won
 And our good prince Eugene ;’
 ‘ Why ’twas a very wicked thing ! ’
 Said little Wilhelmine ;
 ‘ Nay . . nay . . my little girl,’ quoth he,
 ‘ It was a famous victory.

‘ And everybody praised the Duke
 Who this great fight did win.’
 ‘ But what good came of it at last ? ’
 Quoth little Peterkin :—
 ‘ Why that I cannot tell,’ said he,
 ‘ But ’twas a famous victory.’

Robert Southey.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN HIS
LIBRARY

Written at Keswick, 1818.

My days among the Dead are past ;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old :
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal
And seek relief in woe ;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead ; with them
I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead ; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all Futurity ;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

Robert Southey.

WHEN WE TWO PARTED

1808.

WHEN we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss ;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow—
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame ;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear ;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear ?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well : --
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.

If I should meet thee
 After long years,
 How should I greet thee?—
 With silence and tears.

Lord Byron.

AND THOU ART DEAD

Dated February 1812; and preceded by the motto: 'Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse.' It is known as the 'Elegy to Thyrsa,' and is one of a group of six poems devoted to Thyrsa's memory.

AND thou art dead, as young and fair,
 As aught of mortal birth;
 And form so soft, and charms so rare,
 Too soon return'd to Earth!
 Though Earth received them in her bed,
 And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
 In carelessness or mirth,
 There is an eye which could not brook
 A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
 Nor gaze upon the spot;
 There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
 So I behold them not:
 It is enough for me to prove
 That what I loved, and long must love,
 Like common earth can rot;
 To me there needs no stone to tell
 'Tis Nothing, that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last
 As fervently as thou,
 Who didst not change through all the past,
 And canst not alter now.

The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow :
And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours ;
The worst can be but mine :
The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,
Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep ;
Nor need I to repine
• That all those charms have pass'd away
I might have watch'd through long decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd
Must fall the earliest prey ;
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,
The leaves must drop away :
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
Than see it pluck'd to-day ;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
To see thy beauties fade ;
The night that follow'd such a morn
Had worn a deeper shade :
Thy day without a cloud hath pass'd
And thou wert lovely to the last :
Extinguish'd, not decay'd—
• As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep,
My tears might well be shed
To think I was not near to keep
One vigil o'er thy bed :
To gaze, how fondly ! on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
Uphold thy drooping head,
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain
Than thus remember thee !
The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread Eternity
Returns again to me,
And more that buried love endears
Than aught, except its living years.
Lord Byron.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee ;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me :
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming.

And the midnight moon is weaving
 Her bright chain o'er the deep,
 Whose breast is gently heaving,
 As an infant's asleep;
 So the spirit bows before thee,
 To listen and adore thee,
 With a full but soft emotion,
 Like the swell of summer's ocean.

Lord Byron.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC

Dated March 1815, and headed by Gray's stanza,

O Lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
 Ducentium ortus ex animo : quater
 Felix! in imo qui scatentem
 Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.

THERE's not a joy the world can give like that it
 takes away!
 When the glow of early thought declines in feel-
 ing's dull decay,
 'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone,
 which fades so fast,
 But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth
 itself be past.

Then the few, whose spirits float above the wreck
 of happiness,
 Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of
 excess:
 The magnet of their course is gone, or only points
 in vain
 The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never
 stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death
itself comes down ;
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream
its own ;
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of
our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where
the ice appears.
Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth
distract the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no more their
former hope of rest ;
'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,
All green and wildly fresh without but worn and
grey beneath.
O, could I feel as I have felt,—or be what I have
been,
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a
vanish'd scene !
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish
though they be,
So midst the withered waste of life those tears
would flow to me.

Lord Byron.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

The first of the *Hebrew Melodies*, published January 1815.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes :
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half-impair'd the nameless grace,
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face ;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.
And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent !

Lord Byron.

ELEGY

One of the Hebrew Melodies.

O SNATCH'D away in beauty's bloom !
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb ;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year,
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom :
And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread ;
Fond wretch ! as if her step disturbed the dead !
Away ! we know that tears are vain,
That Death nor heeds nor hears distress :
Will this unteach us to complain ?
Or make one mourner weep the less ?
And thou, who tell'st me to forget,
• Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

Lord Byron.

FARE THEE WELL

Composed 17th March, 1816. Lady Byron took the resolution of separating from her husband in February.

FARE thee well ! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare thee well !
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again !

Would that breast, by thee glanced over
Every inmost thought could show !
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee—
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe :

Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound ?

Yet, O, yet thyself deceive not !
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not,
Hearts can thus be torn away.

Still thine own life retaineth—
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat ;
And the undying thought which paineth
Is—that we no more may meet !

There are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead :
Both shall live, but every morrow
Wake us from a widow'd bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say :—' Father ! '
Though his care she must forego ?

When her little hands shall press thee,
When her lip to thine is press'd,
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love had bless'd !

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may'st see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,
All my madness none can know ;
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
Wither, yet with thee they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken :
Pride, which not a world could bow,
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now.

But 'tis done—all words are idle—
 Words from me are vainer still ;
 But the thoughts we cannot bridle
 Force their way without the will.—

Fare thee well !—thus disunited,
 Torn from every nearer tie,
 Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,
 More than this I scarce can die.

Lord Byron.

THE DUNGEON OF CHILLON CASTLE

This Sonnet was prefixed to *The Prisoner of Chillon*, composed June 1816. François de Bonnivard (1496-1570) was imprisoned for six years in the Castle of Chillon, on the Lake of Geneva, by the Duke of Savoy.

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind !
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty ! thou art,
 For there thy habitation is the heart—
 The heart which love of thee alone can bind ;
 And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd,
 To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
 Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place
 And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,
 Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard ! May none those marks efface !
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

Lord Byron.

THE ISLES OF GREECE

The song of Haidée's poet in Canto iii. of *Don Juan* (1819):
'In Greece, he'd sing some sort of hymn like this t'ye.'

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian¹ and the Teian² muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse ;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' 'Islands of the Blest.'

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea ;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free ;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations—all were his !
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they ?

¹ Homer.

² Anacreon.

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—

The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
Must we but blush? Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer:—'Let one living head,
But one, arise—we come, we come!'
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain! Strike other chords,
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet—
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
O! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock and Parga's shore
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells!
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
 I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
 But, gazing on each glowing maid,
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,
 May here our mutual murmurs sweep :
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die.
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!
Lord Byron.

O, TALK NOT TO ME

Written, November 1821, on the road between Florence and Pisa.

O, TALK not to me of a name great in story :
 The days of our youth are the days of our glory ;
 And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
 Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is
 wrinkled ?

'Tis but as a dead-flower with May-dew be-
 sprinkled.

Then away with all such from the head that is
 hoary !

What care I for the wreaths that can only give
 glory ?

O Fame !—if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
 'Twas less for the sake of thy high sounding
 phrases,

Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover

She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found
thee ;

Her glance was the best of the rays that surround
thee ;

When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in
my story,

I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

Lord Byron.

‘ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY
THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR’

Dated ‘Missolonghi, 22nd January 1824.’ On 15th February the illness began which ended fatally 19th April.

’Tis time this heart should be unmoved,

Since others it hath ceased to move :

Yet, though I cannot be beloved,

Still let me love !

My days are in the yellow leaf ;

The flowers and fruits of love are gone ;

The worm, the canker, and the grief

Are mine alone !

The fire that on my bosom preys

Is lone as some volcanic isle ;

• No torch is kindled at its blaze—

A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not thus—and 'tis not here—
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor now,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see !
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake ! (not Greece—she is awake !)
Awake, my spirit ! Think through whom
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home !

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood !—Unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regret'st thy youth, why live ?
The land of honourable death
Is here :—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath !

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best ;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

Lord Byron.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND

From the *Irish Melodics*, 1807-34.

SHE is far from the land where her young hero
sleeps,

And lovers are round her sighing :
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he lov'd awaking ;—
Ah ! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he
died,

They were all that to life had entwined him ;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

O ! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow :
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the
West

From her own lov'd island of sorrow.

Thomas Moore.

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT

From the *Irish Melodics*.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weep-
ing, I fly
To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm
in thine eye ;

And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the
regions of air
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come
to me there
And tell me our love is remembered, even in the
sky!

Then I sing the wild song it once was rapture to
hear
When our voices, commingling, breathed like one
on the ear ;
And as Echo far off through the vale my sad
orison rolls,
I think, oh my Love! 'tis thy voice, from the
Kingdom of Souls
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so
dear.

Thomas Moore.

PAST DAYS

From the Irish Melodies.

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
So loth we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us ;
So turn our hearts, as on we rove,
To those we've left behind us !

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
We talk with joyous seeming—
With smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming ;

While memory brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us!

And when, in other climes, we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss
If Heaven had but assign'd us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us!

As travellers oft look back at eve
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing,—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consign'd us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

Thomas Moore.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

From National Airs.

OFt in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me:
The smiles, the tears
Of boyhood's years,

The words of love then spoken ;
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimm'd and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken !
 Thus in the stilly night
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all
 The friends so link'd together
 I've seen around me fall
 Like leaves in wintry weather ;
 I feel like one
 Who treads alone
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed !
 Thus in the stilly night
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

Thomas Moore.

HAME, HAME, HAME

First published in Cromek's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, 1810, when the author was a working mason.

HAME, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
 O, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !

When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf is on the tree,
 The larks shall sing me hame in my ain countrie.
 Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
 O, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !

The green leaf o' loyaltie 's begun for to fa',
The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a';
But I'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.

O, there's naught frae ruin my country can save
But the keys o' kind heaven to open the grave:
That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyaltie,
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.

The great are now gane, a' wha ventured to save,
The new grass is springing on the top o' their
 graves;
But the sun thro' the mirk blinks blythe in my ee,
'I'll shine on ye yet in yere ain countrie.'

Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

Allan Cunningham.

SEA SONG

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;

- But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high;

And white waves heaving high, my lads,
 The good ship tight and free—
 The world of waters is our home,
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornéd moon,
 And lightning in yon cloud ;
 And hark the music, mariners !
 The wind is piping loud ;
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,
 The lightning flashes free—
 While the hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage the sea.

Allan Cunningham.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA

First printed in *The Newry Telegraph*, an Ulster newspaper,
 in 1817.

Nor a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corpse to the rampart we hurried ;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning ;
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him, —
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring :
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

Charles Wolfe.

OZYMANDIAS

1817.

I MET a traveller from an antique land
Who said : 'Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command

Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
 The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;
 And on the pedestal these words appear :
 ' My name is Ozymandias, king of kings :
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair !'
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.
Percy Bysshe Shelley.

LINES WRITTEN AMONG THE EUGANEAN HILLS

Written for the most part in the autumn of 1818 at the villa, near Este, among the Euganean Hills, lent to Shelley by Lord Byron.

MANY a green isle needs must be
 In the deep wide sea of misery,
 Or the mariner, worn and wan,
 Never thus could voyage on
 Day and night, and night and day,
 Drifting on his dreary way,
 With the solid darkness black
 Closing round his vessel's track ;
 Whilst above, the sunless sky
 Big with clouds, hangs heavily,
 And behind the tempest fleet
 Hurries on with lightning feet,
 Riving sail, and cord, and plank,
 Till the ship has almost drank
 Death from the o'er-brimming deep ;
 And sinks down, down, like that sleep

When the dreamer seems to be
Weltering through eternity ;
And the dim low line before
Of a dark and distant shore
Still recedes, as ever still
Longing with divided will,
But no power to seek or shun,
He is ever drifted on
O'er the unrepousing wave,
To the haven of the grave.
What, if there no friends will greet ;
What, if there no heart will meet
His with love's impatient beat ;
Wander wheresoe'er he may,
Can he dream before that day
'T'o find refuge from distress
In friendship's smile, in love's caress ?

Ah, many flowering islands lie
In the waters of wide Agony ;
'T'o such a one this morn was led
My bark, by soft winds piloted.
—'Mid the mountains Euganean
I stood listening to the paean
With which the legioned rooks did hail
The sun's uprise majestical :
Gathering round with wings all hoar,
Through the dewy mist they soar
Like gray shades, till the eastern heaven
Bursts ; and then, as clouds of even
Fleck'd with fire and azure, lie
In the unfathomable sky,
So their plumes of purple grain
Starred with drops of golden rain

Gleam above the sunlight woods,
As in silent multitudes
On the morning's fitful gale
Through the broken mist they sail ;
And the vapours cloven and gleaming
Follow down the dark steep streaming,
Till all is bright, and clear, and still
Round the solitary hill.

Beneath is spread like a green sea
The waveless plain of Lombardy,
Bounded by the vaporous air,
Islanded by cities fair ;
Underneath day's azure eyes,
Ocean's nursling, Venice lies,—
A peopled labyrinth of walls,
Amphitrite's destined halls,
Which her hoary sire now paves
With his blue and beaming waves.
Lo ! the sun upsprings behind,
Broad, red, radiant, half-reclined
On the level quivering line
Of the waters crystalline ;
And before that chasm of light,
As within a furnace bright,
Column, tower, and dome, and spire,
Shine like obelisks of fire,
Pointing with inconstant motion
From the altar of dark ocean
To the sapphire-tinted skies ;
As the flames of sacrifice
From the marble shrines did rise
As to pierce the dome of gold
Where Apollo spoke of old.

Sun-girt City ! thou hast been
Ocean's child, and then his queen ;
Now is come a darker day,
And thou soon must be his prey,
If the power that raised thee here
Hallow so thy watery bier.
A less drear ruin than than now,
With thy conquest-branded brow
Stooping to the slave of slaves
From thy throne among the waves
Wilt thou be,—when the sea-mew
Flies, as once before it flew,
O'er thine isles depopulate,
And all is in its ancient state,
Save where many a palace gate
With green sea-flowers overgrown
Like a rock of ocean's own,
Topples o'er the abandoned sea
As the tides change sullenly.
The fisher on his watery way
Wandering at the close of day,
Will spread his sail and seize his oar
Till he pass the gloomy shore,
Lest thy dead should, from their sleep,
Bursting o'er the starlight deep,
Lead a rapid masque of death
O'er the waters of his path.

Noon descends around me now :
'Tis the noon of autumn's glow,
When a soft and purple mist
Like a vaporous amethyst,
Or an air-dissolved star
Mingling light and fragrance, far

From the curved horizon's bound
To the point of heaven's profound,
Fills the overflowing sky ;
And the plains that silent lie
Underneath ; the leaves unsodden
Where the infant frost has trodden
With his morning-winged feet
Whose bright print is gleaming yet ;
And the red and golden vines
Piercing with their trellised lines
The rough, dark-skirted wilderness ;
The dun and bladed grass no less,
Pointing from this hoary tower
In the windless air ; the flower
Glimmering at my feet ; the line
Of the olive-sandalled Apennine
In the south dimly islanded ;
And the Alps, whose snows are spread
High between the clouds and sun ;
And of living things each one ;
And my spirit, which so long
Darkened this swift stream of song,
Interpenetrated lie
By the glory of the sky ;
Be it love, light, harmony,
Odour, or the soul of all
Which from heaven like dew doth fall,
Or the mind which feeds this verse,
Peopling the lone universe.

Noon descends, and after noon
Autumn's evening meets me soon,
Leading the infantine moon,
And that one star, which to her

Almost seems to minister
Half the crimson light she brings
From the sunset's radiant springs :
And the soft dreams of the morn
(Which like winged winds had borne
To that silent isle, which lies
'Mid remembered agonies,
The frail bark of this lone being),
Pass, to other sufferers fleeing,
And its ancient pilot, Pain,
Sits beside the helm again.

Other flowering isles must be
In the sea of life and agony :
Other spirits float and flee
O'er that gulf ; e'en now, perhaps,
On some rock the wild wave wraps,
With folded wings they waiting sit
For my bark, to pilot it
To some calm and blooming cove ;
Where for me, and those I love,
May a windless bower be built,
Far from passion, pain, and guilt,
In a dell 'mid lawny hills
Which the wild sea-murmur fills,
And soft sunshine, and the sound
Of old forests echoing round,
And the light and smell divine
Of all flowers that breathe and shine.
—We may live so happy there,
That the spirits of the air
Envyng us, may even entice
To our healing paradise
The polluting multitude ;

But their rage would be subdued
 By that clime divine and calm,
 And the winds whose wings rain balm
 On the uplifted soul, and leaves
 Under which the bright sea heaves ;
 While each breathless interval
 In their whisperings musical
 The inspired soul supplies
 With its own deep melodies ;
 And the love which heals all strife
 Circling, like the breath of life,
 All things in that sweet abode
 With its own mild brotherhood :
 They, not it, would change ; and soon
 Every sprite beneath the moon
 Would repent its envy vain,
 And the earth grow young again.
Percy Bysshe Shelley.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION, NEAR NAPLES

Shelley reached Naples 29th November 1818. These stanzas were written before the end of the year. One stanza is omitted.

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
 The waves are dancing fast and bright,
 Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
 The purple noon's transparent might :
 The breath of the moist air is light
 Around its unexpanded buds ;
 Like many a voice of one delight,
 The winds', the birds', the ocean-floods',
 The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown ;
I see the waves upon the shore
Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown.
I sit upon the sands alone ;
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion—
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
• • The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned—
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure ;
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure ;
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild
Even as the winds and waters are ;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.
Percy Bysshe Shelley.

THE INDIAN SERENADE

1819.

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright :
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me—who knows how !
To thy chamber window, Sweet !

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
And the champak ¹ odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream ;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart ;—
As I must on thine,
O beloved as thou art !

O, lift me from the grass !
I die ! I faint ! I fail !
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas !
My heart beats loud and fast—
O, press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last !

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

¹ The champak or chumpaka is an Indian tree of the order Magnoliaceæ, much celebrated in Hindoo poetry for the scent of its yellow flowers, and venerated by Brahmanists and Buddhists.

THE POET

Song of the Fourth Spirit in Act I. of *Prometheus Unbound*, which was begun at Este in the autumn of 1818, and finished December 1819, at Florence.

ON a poet's lips I slept
 Dreaming like a love-adept
 In the sound his breathing kept ;
 Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
 But feeds on the ærial kisses
 Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses.
 He will watch from dawn to gloom
 The lake-reflected sun illumine
 The yellow bees in the ivy bloom,
 Nor heed nor see what things they be ;
 But from these create he can
 Forms more real than living man,
 Nurslings of immortality !

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

HYMN TO THE SPIRIT OF NATURE

The Song of the Voice in the air at the end of Act II. of *Prometheus Unbound*.

LIFE of Life ! Thy lips enkindle
 With their love the breath between them ;
 And thy smiles before they dwindle
 Make the cold air fire ; then screen them
 In those looks,¹ where whoso gazes
 Faints, entangled in their mazes.

 Child of Light ! Thy limbs are burning
 Through the vest which seems to hide them,
 As the radiant lines of morning
 • Through the clouds, ere they divide them ;

¹ *vl.* locks.

And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others : none beholds thee ;
But thy voice sounds low and tender
Like the fairest, for it folds thee
From the sight, that liquid splendour ;
And all feel, yet see thee never,
As I feel now, lost for ever !

Lamp of Earth ! where'er thou movest
Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest
Walk upon the winds with lightness
Till they fail, as I am failing,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing !

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

'This poem (1819) was conceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno, near Florence, and on a day when that tempestuous wind, whose temperature is at once mild and animating, was collecting the vapours which pour down the autumnal rains. They began, as I foresaw, at sunset, with a violent tempest of hail and rain, attended by that magnificent thunder and lightning peculiar to the Cisalpine regions.'—*Shelley's note.*

I

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's
being,

Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes ! O thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill :

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere ;
Destroyer and Preserver ; Hear, oh hear !

2

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's
commotion,

Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and
ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning ! there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height—
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst : Oh hear !

3

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss, and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them ! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear
And tremble and despoil themselves : Oh hear !

4

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear ;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee ;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable ! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seem'd a vision,—I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh ! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !
I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !

A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd
One too like thee—tameless, and swift, and proud.

5

Make me thy lyre even as the forest is :
What if my leaves are falling like its own !
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit ! be thou me, impetuous one !

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like wither'd leaves, to quicken a new birth ;
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy ! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

THE CLOUD

1820.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams ;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds, every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast ;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits.
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea ;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains ;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead,
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings ;
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea
beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest
As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
 By the midnight breezes strewn ;
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer ;
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 • • Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl.
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
 Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof—
 The mountains its columns be.
 The triumphal arch, through which I march
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
 When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
 Is the million-coloured bow :
 The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
 While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water
 And the nursling of the sky ;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores :
 I change, but I cannot die.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill
delight :

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is
overflow'd.

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of
melody ;

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her
bower :

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it
from the view :

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-
winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth
surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal
Or triumphal chaunt
Match'd with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden
want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
What shapes of sky or plain ?
What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance
of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be :
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee :
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal
stream ?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
• Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
thought.

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear ;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come
 near.

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the
 ground !

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am listening
 now !

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

I FEAR THY KISSES

1820.

I FEAR thy kisses, gentle maiden,
 Thou needest not fear mine :
 My spirit is too deeply laden
 Ever to burthen thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion,
 Thou needest not fear mine :
 Innocent is the heart's devotion
 With which I worship thine.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

1820.

THE fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion ;
Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine ?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another ;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother :
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea :
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me ?

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

HYMN OF PAN

This was written at a friend's request in 1820, to be inserted in a drama on the subject of Midas.

FROM the forests and highlands
We come, we come !
From the river-girt islands
Where loud waves are dumb,
Listening to my sweet pipings !
The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle bushes,

The cicale above in the lime,
 And the lizards below in the grass,
 Were as silent as ever old Tmolus¹ was,
 Listening to my sweet pipings.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
 And all dark Tempe lay
 In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
 The light of the dying day,
 Speeded by my sweet pipings.
 The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,
 And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,
 To the edge of the moist river-lawns
 And the brink of the dewy caves,
 And all that did then attend and follow,
 Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
 With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars,
 I sang of the dædal Earth,
 And of Heaven, and the giant wars,
 And Love, and Death, and Birth—
 And then I changed my pipings :
 Singing how down the vale of Menalus
 I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed !
 Gods and men, we are all deluded thus :
 It breaks in our bosom, and then we bleed :
 All wept, as I think both ye now would,
 If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
 At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

¹ Apollo and Pan contended before Tmolus for the prize in music.

THE QUESTION

1820.

I DREAMED that as I wandered by the way
Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,
And gentle odours led my steps astray,
Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightest in
dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
• Daisies, those pearled Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets ;
Faint oxlips ; tender blue-bells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved ; and that tall flower that
wets—

Like a child, half in tenderness and mirth—
Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cow-bind and the moonlight-colour'd
May,

And cherry-blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
Was the bright dew yet drained not by the day ;
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine

With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray ;
And flowers azure, black, and streaked with gold,
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge

• There grew broad flag-flowers, purple pranked
with white,

And starry river buds among the sedge,
 And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
 Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
 With moonlight beams of their own watery light ;
 And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
 As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
 I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
 That the same hues, which in their natural bowers
 Were mingled or opposed, the like array
 Kept these imprison'd children of the Hours
 Within my hand,—and then, elate and gay,
 I hasten'd to the spot whence I had come
 That I might there present it—O ! to Whom ?
Percy Bysshe Shelley.

TO THE MOON

1820.

ART thou pale for weariness
 Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,
 Wandering companionless
 Among the stars that have a different birth,—
 And ever changing, like a joyless eye
 That finds no object worth its constancy ?
Percy Bysshe Shelley.

ASTRÆA REDUX

The chorus at the end of *Hellas*, written at Ravenna, 1821.

THE world's great age begins anew,
 The golden years return,
 The earth doth like a snake renew
 Her winter weeds outworn :

Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far ;
A new Peneus rolls his fountains
Against the morning-star ;
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Fraught with a later prize ;
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies ;
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

O, write no more the tale of Troy,
If earth Death's scroll must be !
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
Which dawns upon the free,
Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew !

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime,
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose,
Than many unsubdued :

Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

O, cease ! must hate and death return ?

Cease ! must men kill and die ?

Cease ! drain not to its dregs the urn

Of bitter prophecy.

The world is weary of the past,

O, might it die or rest at last !

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

TO NIGHT

1821.

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,

Spirit of Night !

Out of the misty eastern cave,

Where all the long and lone daylight,

Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,

Which make thee terrible and dear—

Swift be thy flight !

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,

Star-inwrought !

Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day

Kiss her until she be wearied out,

Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,

Touching all with thine opiate wand—

Come, long sought !

When I arose and saw the dawn,

I sighed for thee ;

When light rode high, and the dew was gone,

And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,

And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried :
‘ Wouldst thou me ? ’
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noon-tide bee :
‘ Shall I nestle near thy side ?
Wouldst thou me ? ’—And I replied :
No, not thee !

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon !
Sleep will come when thou art fled.
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon !
Percy Bysshe Shelley.

TO —

1821.

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory ;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed :
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.
Percy Bysshe Shelley.

RARELY, RARELY, COMEST THOU

1821.

RARELY, rarely comest thou,
Spirit of Delight !
Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night ?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
Win thee back again ?
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false ! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismayed ;
Even the sighs of grief
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure ;
Thou wilt never come for pity,
Thou wilt come for pleasure ;
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight !
The fresh Earth in new leaves dressed,
And the starry night,

Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms
Of the radiant frost ;
I love waves, and winds, and storms—
Every thing almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise and good ;
Between thee and me
What difference ?—But thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love—though he has wings,
And like light can flee ;
But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee—
Thou art love and life ! O, come,
Make once more my heart thy home !
Percy Bysshe Shelley.

A LAMENT

1821.

O WORLD ! O life ! O time !
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before ;
When will return the glory of your prime ?
No more—O, never more !

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight :

Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more—O, never more !

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

TO —

1821.

ONE word is too often profaned
For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdained
For thee to disdain it.
One hope is too like despair
For prudence to smother,
And pity from thee more dear
Than that from another.

• I can give not what men call love ;
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
And the Heavens reject not :
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow ?

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

LINES ON THE FLIGHT OF LOVE

1822.

WHEN the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies dead—
When the cloud is scattered,
The rainbow's glory is shed.

When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not ;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute—
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,
Love first leaves the well-built nest ;
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possest.
O Love ! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier ?

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high ;
Bright reason will mock thee
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.
Percy Bysshe Shelley.

TO A LADY WITH A GUITAR

1822.

ARIEL to Miranda :—Take
This slave of music, for the sake
Of him who is the slave of thee ;
And teach it all the harmony
In which thou canst, and only thou,
Make the delighted spirit glow,
Till joy denies itself again
And, too intense, is turned to pain.
For by permission and command
Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,
Poor Ariel sends this silent token
Of more than ever can be spoken ;
Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who
From life to life must still pursue
Your happiness, for thus alone
Can Ariel ever find his own.
From Prospero's enchanted cell,
As the mighty verses tell,
To the throne of Naples he
Lit you o'er the trackless sea,
Flitting on, your prow before,
Like a living meteor.
When you die, the silent Moon
In her interlunar swoon
Is not sadder in her cell
Than deserted Ariel :
When you live again on earth,
Like an unseen Star of birth
Ariel guides you o'er the sea
Of life from your nativity :
Many changes have been run

Since Ferdinand and you begun
Your course of love, and Ariel still
Has tracked your steps and served your will.
Now in humbler, happier lot,
This is all remembered not ;
And now, alas ! the poor Sprite is
Imprisoned for some fault of his
In a body like a grave—
From you he only dares to crave,
For his service and his sorrow
A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.

The artist who this idol wrought
To echo all harmonious thought,
Felled a tree, while on the steep
The woods were in their winter sleep,
Rocked in that repose divine
On the wind-swept Apennine ;
And dreaming, some of Autumn past,
And some of Spring approaching fast,
And some of April buds and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers,
And all of love : And so this tree,—
Oh that such our death may be !—
Died in sleep, and felt no pain,
To live in happier form again :
From which, beneath heaven's fairest star,
The artist wrought this loved Guitar ;
And taught it justly to reply
To all who question skilfully
In language gentle as thine own ;
Whispering in enamoured tone
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells :

—For it had learnt all harmonies
 Of the plains and of the skies,
 Of the forests and the mountains,
 And the many-voicéd fountains ;
 The clearest echoes of the hills,
 The softest notes of falling rills,
 The melodies of birds and bees,
 The murmuring of summer seas,
 And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
 And airs of evening ; and it knew
 That seldom-heard mysterious sound
 Which, driven on its diurnal round,
 As it floats through boundless day,
 Our world enkindles on its way :
 —All this it knows, but will not tell
 To those who cannot question well
 The Spirit that inhabits it ;
 • It talks according to the wit
 Of its companions ; and no more
 Is heard than has been felt before
 By those who tempt it to betray
 These secrets of an elder day.
 But, sweetly as its answers will
 Flatter hands of perfect skill,
 It keeps its highest holiest tone
 For our beloved Jane¹ alone.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

A SONG

1822.

A WIDOW bird sate mourning for her love
 Upon a wintry bough ;

¹ Mrs Williams. See Dowden's *Life of Shelley*, ii. 474,
 477.

The frozen wind crept on above,
The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
No flower upon the ground,
And little motion in the air
Except the mill-wheel's sound.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

THE INVITATION

1822 ; eighteen lines omitted.

BEST and brightest, come away,—
Fairer far than this fair Day,
Which, like thee, to those in sorrow
Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow
To the rough year just awake
In its cradle on the brake.
The brightest hour of unborn spring
Through the winter wandering,
Found, it seems, the halcyon morn
To hoar February born ;
Bending from heaven, in azure mirth,
It kissed the forehead of the earth,
And smiled upon the silent sea,
And bade the frozen streams be free,
And waked to music all their fountains,
And breathed upon the frozen mountains,
And like a prophetess of May
Strewed flowers upon the barren way,
Making the wintry world appear
Like one on whom thou smilest, dear.

Away, away, from men and towns,
To the wild wood and the downs—

To the silent wilderness
Where the soul need not repress
Its music, lest it should not find
An echo in another's mind,
While the touch of Nature's art
Harmonizes heart to heart.

Radiant Sister of the Day
Awake ! arise ! and come away !
To the wild woods and the plains,
To the pools where winter rains
Image all their roof of leaves,
Where the pine its garland weaves
Of sapless green, and ivy dun,
Round stems that never kiss the sun ;
Where the lawns and pastures be
And the sandhills of the sea ;
Where the melting hoar-frost wets
The daisy-star that never sets,
And wind-flowers and violets
Which yet join not scent to hue
Crown the pale year weak and new ;
When the night is left behind
In the deep east, dun and blind,
And the blue noon is over us,
And the multitudinous
Billows murmur at our feet,
Where the earth and ocean meet,
And all things seem only one
In the universal sun.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

A DIRGE

Written in 1822.

ROUGH wind, that moanest loud
 Grief too sad for song ;
 Wild wind, when sullen cloud
 Knells all the night long ;
 Sad storm whose tears are vain,
 Bare woods whose branches stain,
 Deep caves and dreary main,
 Wail for the world's wrong !
Percy Bysshe Shelley.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

This sonnet was written after a night spent with Cowden Clarke in reading Chapman's Homer. It was first printed 1st December 1816, in *The Examiner*.

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne ;
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken ;
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
 Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

John Keats.

'IN CITY PENT'

1817.

To one who has been long in city pent,
 'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
 And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
 Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
 Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
 Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
 Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
 And gentle tale of love and languishment?
 Returning home at evening, with an ear
 Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye
 Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
 He mourns that day so soon has glided by :
 E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
 That falls through the clear ether silently.

John Keats.

SONNET

Sent by Keats to J. H. Reynolds in a letter, 31st January 1818.

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to be
 Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
 Before high-piled books, in charact'ry
 Hold like rich garners the full ripened grain ;
 When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
 Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
 And think that I may never live to trace
 Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance.
 And when I feel, fair creature of an hour
 That I shall never look upon thee more,
 Never have relish in the faery power
 Of unreflecting love ;—then on the shore
 Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
 Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

John Keats.

LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN

Sent to J. H. Reynolds in a letter, 3rd February 1818.

SOULS of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
Have ye tippled drink more fine
Than mine host's Canary wine?
Or are fruits of Paradise
Sweeter than those dainty pies
Of venison? O generous food!
Drest as though bold Robin Hood
Would, with his Maid Marian,
Sup and bowse from horn and can.

•

I have heard that on a day
Mine host's sign-board flew away
Nobody knew whither, till
An astrologer's old quill
To a sheepskin gave the story,
Said he saw you in your glory,
Underneath a new old-sign
Sipping beverage divine,
And pledging with contented smack
The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

•

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

John Keats.

THE HUMAN SEASONS

Included in a letter to Benjamin Bailey, 13th March 1818.

FOUR Seasons fill the measure of the year ;
 There are four seasons in the mind of man :
 He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
 Takes in all beauty with an easy span :
 He has his Summer, when luxuriously
 Spring's honey'd cud of youthful thought he loves
 To ruminate, and by such dreaming high
 Is nearest unto heaven : quiet coves
 His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
 He furleth close ; contented so to look
 On mists in idleness—to let fair things
 Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.
 He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
 Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

John Keats.

ODE

Written on the blank page before Beaumont and Fletcher's Tragi-Comedy, 'The Fair Maid of the Inn.' It was quoted in a letter to George Keats, dated December 1818 to 3rd January 1819.

BARDS of Passion and of Mirth,
 Ye have left your souls on earth !
 Have ye souls in heaven too,
 Double-lived in regions new ?
 Yes, and those of heaven commune
 With the spheres of sun and moon ;
 With the noise of fountains wond'rous
 And the parle of voices thund'rous ;
 With the whisper of heaven's trees
 And one another, in soft ease

Seated on Elysian lawns
Brows'd by none but Dian's fawns ;
Underneath large blue-bells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not ;
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, tranced thing,
But divine melodious truth ;
Philosophic numbers smooth ;
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again ;
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us, here, the way to find you,
Where your other souls are joying,
Never slumber'd, never cloying.
Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals, of their little week ;
Of their sorrows and delights ;
Of their passions and their spites ;
Of their glory and their shame ;
What doth strengthen and what maim.
Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away !

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth !
Ye have souls in heaven too,
Double-liv'd in regions new !

John Keats.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

Keats enclosed this poem in his journal letter of 14th February to 3rd May 1819, to George Keats. His text follows. It differs somewhat from that printed in *The Indicator*, 10th May 1870.

‘O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge is wither’d from the lake,
And no birds sing.

‘O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel’s granary is full,
And the harvest’s done.

‘I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever-dew
And on thy cheek a fading rose
Fast withereth too.’

‘I met a lady in the meads
Full beautiful—a faery’s child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

‘I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look’d at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

‘I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery’s song.

‘She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild and manna-dew,
And sure in language strange she said
“I love thee true.”’

‘ She took me to her elfin grot,
 And there she wept and sigh’d full sore ;
 And there I shut her wild wild eyes
 With kisses four.

‘ And there we slumbered on the moss,
 And there I dream’d---Ah ! woe betide !
 The latest dream I ever dreamt
 On the cold hillside.

‘ I saw pale kings and princes too,
 Pale warriors, death-pale were they all :
 Who cried---“ La belle Dame sans Merci
 • Thee hath in thrall ! ”

‘ I saw their starved lips in the gloam
 With horrid warning gaped wide,
 And I awoke and found me here
 On the cold hillside.

‘ And this is why I sojourn here •
 Alone and palely loitering,
 Though the sedge is wither’d from the lake,
 And no birds sing.’

John Keats.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

Written in the garden at Wentworth Place, 1st May 1819, and first printed in a magazine entitled *Annals of the Fine Arts*.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 • Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness,—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provencal song, and sun-burnt mirth !
O, for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth,
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and
dies ;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow !

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :

Already with thee ! tender is the night,
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne
 Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays ;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy
 ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild :
 • White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;
 Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves ;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen ; and, for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath ;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy !
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
 No hungry generations tread thee down ;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown :

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for
 home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self !
 Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades :
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
 Fled is that music :—do I wake or sleep ?
John Keats.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

Written, like the foregoing, in the spring of 1819 and printed in the *Annals of the Fine Arts*.

THOU still unravish'd bride of quietness,
 Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme :
 What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady ?
 What men or gods are these ? What maidens loth ?
 What mad pursuit ? What struggle to escape ?
 What pipes and timbrels ? What wild ecstasy ?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on ;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare ;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal--yet, do not grieve ;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair !

Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu ;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new ;
More happy love ! more happy, happy love !
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting, and for ever young ;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice ?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest ?
What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn ?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be ; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

⊙ Attic shape ! Fair attitude ! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,

With forest branches and the trodden weed ;
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity : Cold Pastoral !
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
 ' Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.
John Keats.

TO AUTUMN

1820.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-
 eaves run ;
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel
 shells
 With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For Summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy
 cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;

Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy
hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined
flowers :

And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozyings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are
they ?

Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
• While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river-sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
Hedge-crickets sing ; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft ;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

John Keats.

FANCY

Published with *Lamia*, &c., 1800.

EVER let the Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home :
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth ;
Then let winged Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her :
• Open wide the mind's cage-door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.

O sweet Fancy ! let her loose ;
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming ;
Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloys with tasting : What do then ?
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sear faggot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night ;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the caked snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon ;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.
Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overaw'd,
Fancy, high-commission'd :—send her !
She has vassals to attend her :
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost ;
She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather ;
All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray ;
All the heaped Autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealth :
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it :—thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-carols clear ;
Rustle of the reaped corn ;
Sweet birds antheming the morn :

And, in the same moment—hark !
'Tis the early April lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold ;
White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst ;
Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the mid-May ;
And every leaf, and every flower
Pearled with the self-same shower.
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meagre from its celled sleep ;
And the snake all winter-thin
Cast on sunny bank its skin ;
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
Quiet on her mossy nest ;
Then the hurry and alarm
When the bee-hive casts its swarm ;
Acorns ripe down-pattering,
While the autumn breezes sing.

Oh, sweet Fancy ! let her loose ;
Everything is spoilt by use :
Where's the cheek that doth not fade,
Too much gazed at ? Where's the maid
Whose lip mature is ever new ?
Where's the eye, however blue,
Doth not weary ? Where's the face
One would meet in every place ?
Where's the voice, however soft,
One would hear so very oft ?

At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
 Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
 Let then winged Fancy find
 Thee a mistress to thy mind :
 Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,
 Ere the God of Torment taught her
 How to frown and how to chide ;
 With a waist and with a side
 White as Hebe's, when her zone
 Slipt its golden clasp, and down
 Fell her kirtle to her feet,
 While she held the goblet sweet,
 And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh
 Of the Fancy's silken leash ;
 Quickly break her prison-string,
 And such joys as these she'll bring.
 —Let the winged Fancy roam,,
 Pleasure never is at home.

John Keats.

STANZAS

First printed 1829.

In a drear-nighted December,
 Too happy, happy tree,
 Thy branches ne'er remember
 Their green felicity :
 The north cannot undo them
 With a sleety whistle through them,
 Nor frozen thawings glue them
 From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
 Too happy, happy brook,
 Thy bubblings ne'er remember
 Apollo's summer look ;

But with a sweet forgetting
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

Ah! would 'twere so with many
A gentle girl and boy!
But were there ever any
Writh'd not at passéd joy?
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it
Nor numbéd sense to steal it,
Was never said in rhyme.

John Keats.

SONNET

Written on a blank page in Shakespeare's Poems, facing 'A Lover's Complaint.'

BRIGHT Star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors:
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillow'd upon my fair Love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest;
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever,—or else swoon to death.¹

John Keats.

¹ Lord Houghton gives the variant:—

'Half passionless, and so swoon on to death.'

REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

Published in *Friendship's Offering*, 1826.

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn ;
He never came a wink too soon
Nor brought too long a day ;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light !
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day,—
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing ;
My spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high ;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky :

It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

Thomas Hood.

THE DEATH-BED.

Written after the death of his sister Anne.

WE watched her breathing thro' the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

Thomas Hood.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

'Drown'd ' Drown'd !' *Hamlet*. Printed in *Hood's Magazine*
in 1844.

ONE more Unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death !

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care ;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair !

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements ;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing ;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully ;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly ;
Not of the stains of her--
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful :
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses ;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home ?

Who was her father ?
Who was her mother ?
Had she a sister ?
Had she a brother ?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other ?

Alas ! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun !
Oh ! it was pitiful !
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed :
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence ;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver ;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river :
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurl'd—
Any where, any where
Out of the world !

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,
Over the brink of it,—
Picture it, think of it,
Dissolute Man !
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can !

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care ;
Fashion'd so slenderly
Young, and so fair !

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,

Decently, kindly,
Smoothe and compose them,
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly !

Dreadfully staring
Thro' muddŷ impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.
—Cross her hands humbly
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast !

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour.

Thomas Hood.

A RIGHT PITHY SONG

Written about 1845 in antique style, and published in Trench's
Household Book of English Poetry.

It is not beauty I demand,
A crystal brow, the moon's despair,
Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,
Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair :

Tell me not of your starry eyes,
Your lips that seem on roses fed,

Your breasts, where Cupid tumbling¹ lies,
Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed :—

A bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks
Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours,
A breath that softer music speaks
Than summer winds a-wooing flowers :—

These are but gauds : nay what are lips ?
Coral beneath the ocean stream,
Whose brink when your adventurer slips
Full oft he perisheth on them.

And what are cheeks, but ensigns oft
That wave hot youth to fields of blood ?
Did Helen's breast, though ne'er so soft,
Do Greece or Ilium any good ?

Eyes can with baleful ardour burn ;
Poison can breathe, that erst perfumed ;
'There's many a white hand holds an urn
With lovers' hearts to dust consumed.

For crystal brows there's nought within ;
They are but empty cells for pride ;
He who the Syren's hair would win
Is mostly strangled in the tide.

Give me, instead of Beauty's bust,
A tender heart, a loyal mind
Which with temptation I would trust,
Yet never linked with error find,—

One in whose gentle bosom I
Could pour my secret heart of woes,
Like the care-burthened honey-fly
That hides his murmurs in the rose,—

¹ *v. l.* trembling.

My earthly Comforter ! whose love
 So indefeasible might be
 That, when my spirit wonn'd above,
 Hers could not stay, for sympathy.

George Darley.¹

SONG

The author's Poems appeared 1833.

SHE is not fair to outward view
 As many maidens be ;
 Her loveliness I never knew
 Until she smiled on me.
 O then I saw her eye was bright,
 A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,
 To mine they ne'er reply,
 And yet I cease not to behold
 The love-light in her eye :
 Her very frowns are fairer far
 Than smiles of other maidens are. •

Hartley Coleridge.

ANNABEL LEE

Written in 1849, in memory of his wife, Virginia Clemm.

It was many and many a year ago,
 In a kingdom by the sea,
 That a maiden there lived whom you may know
 By the name of Annabel Lee ;
 And this maiden she lived with no other thought
 Than to love and be loved by me.

• Consult *Poems of the late George Darley*, printed for private circulation.

I was a child, and she was a child
In this kingdom by the sea :
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee ;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me !
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above
Nor the demons down under the sea
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee :

For the moon never beams, without bringing me
dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;

And the stars never rise, but I feel ¹ the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
And so all the night-tide I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling!—my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding ² sea.

Edgar Allan Poe.

¹ *v.l.* see.

² *v.l.* side of the.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
A Chieftain to the Highlands bound	267
A child's a plaything for an hour	357
Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh	285
Ah, sunflower, weary of time	256
All I can	51
All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd	185
All the flowers of the spring	71
All thoughts, all passions, all delights	346
An' Charlie he's my darling	249
And are ye sure the news is true	221
And did those feet, in ancient time	258
And is this—Yarrow?—This the stream	341
And thou art dead, as young and fair	362
Ariel to Miranda:—Take	416
Art thou pale for weariness	408
Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers	52
As I in hoary winter's night	20
As it fell upon a day	47
As I was walking all alone	290
As slow our ship her foamy track	378
A slumber did my spirit seal	300
A sweet disorder in the dress	112
At the mid-hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly	377
Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones	162
Awake, Æolian lyre, awake	208
A weary lot is thine, fair maid	281
A wet sheet and a flowing sea	381
A widow-bird sate mourning for her love	418
 Bards of Passion and of Mirth	 424
Best and brightest, come away	419

450 INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
Bid me to live, and I will live	113
Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy . . .	137
Blow, blow, thou winter wind	39
Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art . .	437
Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren	70
Calm was the day, and through the trembling air . .	3
Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms	160
Come away, come away, Death	41
Come, cheerful day, part of my life to me	65
Come, little babe, come, silly soul	48
Come live with me and be my love	16
Come sleep: O sleep! the certain knot of peace . .	10
Come unto these yellow sands	45
Crabbed Age and Youth	37
Cupid and my Campaspe play'd	13
Cyriack, whose grandsire on the royal bench . . .	164
Daughter of Jove, relentless power	198
Daughter to that good Earl, once President . . .	161
Does haughty Gaul invasion threat	252
Doth then the world go thus, doth all thus move .	83
Down in yon garden sweet and gay	295
Drink to me only with thine eyes	59
Duncan 'Gray cam' here to woo	247
Earl March look'd on his dying child	263
Earth has not anything to show more fair	315
E'en like two little bank-dividing brooks	90
England, awake! awake! awake	258
Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind	370
Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky	344
Even such is time, that takes in trust	79
Ever let the Fancy roam	433
Fair daffodils, we weep to see	115
Fair pledges of a fruitful tree	116
Fare thee well! and if for ever	368
Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing . .	27
Fear no more the heat o' the sun	43
Fly, envious Time, till thou run out thy race . .	136

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

451

	PAGE
Follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow . . .	60
Follow your saint, follow with accents sweet . . .	61
For auld lang syne, my dear . . .	241
For only that man understands indeed . . .	11
Four Seasons fill the measure of the year . . .	424
Fresh spring, the herald of love's mighty king . . .	2
From Stirling Castle we had seen . . .	322
From the forests and highlands . . .	405
Full fathom five thy father lies . . .	46
Gather ye rosebuds while ye may . . .	114
Get up, get up for shame! The blooming morn . . .	110
Give me more love or more disdain . . .	87
Give me my scallop-shell of quiet . . .	78
Glide soft, ye silver floods . . .	77
Glories, pleasures, pomps, delights and ease . . .	86
Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine . . .	242
Go, happy Rose, and, interwove . . .	113
Go, lovely Rose . . .	127
Green grow the rushes, O . . .	238
Hail thou most sacred venerable thing . . .	176
Hail to thee, blithe spirit . . .	400
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be . . .	380
Happy the man whose wish and care . . .	182
Happy those early days, when I . . .	103
Happy were he could finish forth his fate . . .	51
Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings . . .	43
Hark how the birds do sing . . .	93
He did but float a little way . . .	122
He is gone on the mountain . . .	278
Hence all you vain delights . . .	74
Hence loathed Melancholy . . .	138
Hence, vain deluding Joys . . .	143
Here a little child I stand . . .	118
He sung of GOD, the mighty source . . .	218
He that loves a rosy cheek . . .	86
His golden locks Time hath to silver turned . . .	14
How delicious is the winning . . .	269
How happy is he born and taught . . .	75
How like a winter hath my absence been . . .	28

452 INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
How sleep the brave, who sink to rest . . .	189
How sweet I roamed from field to field . . .	255
How vainly men themselves amaze . . .	168
I am monarch of all I survey . . .	225
I arise from dreams of thee . . .	392
I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers . . .	397
I cannot change, as others do . . .	175
I dreamed that as I wandered by the way . . .	407
If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song . . .	190
If doughty deeds my lady please . . .	294
I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden . . .	404
If thou survive my well-contented day . . .	23
If to be absent were to be . . .	99
I have had playmates, I have had companions . . .	354
I have no name . . .	256
I heard a thousand blended notes . . .	296
I met a traveller from an antique land . . .	383
I'm wearing awa', John . . .	253
In a drear-nighted December . . .	436
In the down-hill of life when I find I'm declining . . .	271
In the hour of my distress . . .	117
In the merry month of May . . .	50
In Xanadu did Kubla Khan . . .	350
I remember, I remember . . .	438
I saw Eternity the other night . . .	105
I saw where in the shroud did lurk . . .	355
I struck the board, and cried, no more . . .	95
It is a beauteous evening, calm and free . . .	316
It is not beauty I demand . . .	443
It is not growing like a tree . . .	59
I travelled among unknown men . . .	298
It was a dismal and a fearful night . . .	124
It was a' for our rightfu' King . . .	251
It was a lover and his lass . . .	40
It was a summer evening . . .	357
It was many and many a year ago . . .	445
It was the winter wild . . .	128
I've heard them lilting at our ewe-milking . . .	223
I wandered lonely as a cloud . . .	333
I wish I were where Helen lies . . .	292

INDEX OF FIRST LINES 453

	PAGE
Jack and Joan they think no ill	65
Jog on, jog on the footpath way	45
John Anderson my jo, John	243
Lawrence, of virtuous father, virtuous son . .	163
Lay a garland on my hearse	73
Let me not to the marriage of true minds . .	31
Life, I know not what thou art	234
Life of Life ! thy lips enkindle	393
Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore	24
Like to the clear in highest sphere	17
Like to the falling of a star	72
Love bade me welcome, yet my soul drew back	97
Love in my bosom, like a bee	19
Love in thy youth, fair maid, be wise	85
Love me or not, love her I must or die	69
Love not me for comely grace	69
Lo ! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours	193
Many a green isle needs must be	384
Mary, I want a lyre with other strings	229
Milton ! thou shouldst be living at this hour . .	318
Mine be a cot beside the hill	236
Mortality, behold and fear	71
Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes	346
Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold . .	421
Music when soft voices die	411
My days among the dead are passed	360
My dear and only love, I pray	89
My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains . .	427
My heart leaps up when I behold	315
My mind to me a kingdom is	11
My soul, there is a country	104
My true love hath my heart, and I have his . .	10
Never love unless you can	67
No longer mourn for me when I am dead	26
Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note . . .	382
Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul . .	30
Now is the time for mirth	120

454 INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
Now the golden Morn aloft	207
Now the lusty spring is seen	73
O blithe newcomer I have heard	331
O Brignall banks are wild and fair	279
Obscurest night involved the sky	231
Of a' the airts the wind can blow	241
Of all the girls that are so smart	186
Of Nelson and the North	265
O friend, I know not which way I must look	317
Of this fair volume which we World do name	82
Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray	303
Oft in the stilly night	379
O leave this barren spot to me	264
O listen, listen, ladies gay	272
O lovers' eyes are sharp to see	274
O Mary, at thy window be	237
O me! what eyes hath love put in my head	33
O mistress mine, where are you roaming	40
O my luve's like a red, red rose	249
On a day, alack the day	33
On a poet's lips I slept	393
Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee	316
One more Unfortunate	440
O never say that I was false of heart	31
One word is too often profaned	414
On Linden when the sun was low	260
O saw ye bonnie Lesley	244
O say what is that thing called Light	184
O snatched away in beauty's bloom	367
O talk not to me of a name great in story	374
O thou with dewy locks who lookest down	255
Our bugles sang truce, for the night cloud had lower'd	262
Over the mountains	87
O waly waly up the bank	291
O what can ail thee, knight at arms	426
O wild west wind, thou breath of Autumn's being	394
O world, O life, O time	423

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

455

	PAGE
Pack, clouds, away and welcome day . . .	55
Phœbus, arise	80
Phyllis is my only joy	175
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu	283
Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth . . .	32
Proud Maisie is in the wood	285
Queen and huntress, chaste and fair	57
Rarely, rarely comest thou	412
Rise, heart ; thy Lord is risen. Sing His praise	91
Rough wind, that moanest loud	421
Ruin seize thee, ruthless King	213
Sabrina fair	150
Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness . .	432
Set me whereas the sun doth parch the green .	2
Shall I compare thee to a summer's day . . .	21
Shall I, wasting in despair	84
She dwelt among the untrodden ways	297
She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps	377
She is not fair to outward view	445
She walks in beauty like the night	366
She was a phantom of delight	332
Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more	37
Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea	25
Since first I saw your face, I resolved to honour and renown ye	53
Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part	46
Souls of Poets dead and gone	423
Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife	282
Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king	51
Stern daughter of the voice of God	335
Still to be neat, still to be drest	58
Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content .	15
Sweet day so cool, so calm, so bright	92
Sweet Highland girl, a very shower	319
Sweet stream that winds through yonder glade	228

456 INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
Swiftly walk over the western wave	410
Take, O take those lips away	43
Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense	344
Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind	97
Tell me where is Fancy bred	36
That which her slender waict confined	126
The curfew tolls the knell of parting day	200
The forward youth that would appear	170
The fountains mingle with the river	405
The glories of our blood and state	123
The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece	371
The last and greatest herald of heaven's king	82
The lovely lass o' Inverness	248
The man of life upright	63
The merchant to secure his treasure	182
The merry world did on a day	92
The more we live, more brief appear	270
The night is come, like to the day	109
The poplars are fell'd, farewell to the shade	227
There be none of beauty's daughters	364
There is a flower, the lesser Celandine	334
There is a garden in her face	68
There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away	365
There's not a nook within this solemn pass	345
There was a time when meadow, grove and stream	324
The sea hath many thousand sands	70
The soote season that bud and bloom forth brings	1
The star that bids the shepherd fold	149
The sun is warm, the sky is clear	390
The sun upon the lake is low	286
The twentieth year is wellnigh past	229
The wanton troopers, riding by	166
The world is too much with us, late and soon	340
The world's a bubble and the life of man	56
The world's great age begins anew	408
They are all gone into the world of light	106
They that have power to hurt and will do none	28
This life, which seems so fair	84
Thou art not fair, for all thy red and white	62

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

457

	PAGE
Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness . . .	430
Three years she grew in sun and shower . . .	299
Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream . . .	234
Tiger, tiger, burning bright . . .	257
Tired with all these for restful death I cry . . .	26
'Tis time this heart should be unmoved . . .	375
To fair Fidele's grassy tomb . . .	192
Toll for the brave . . .	224
To me, fair friend, you never can be old . . .	29
To one who has been long in city pent . . .	422
Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men . . .	317
To the Lords of Convention, 'twas Claver'se who spoke . . .	287
To the ocean now I fly . . .	151
'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won . . .	177
'Twas on a lofty vase's side . . .	205
Two voices are there, one is of the sea . . .	340
Turn back, you wanton flyer . . .	62
Underneath this sable hearse . . .	59
Under the greenwood tree . . .	38
Unfold! Unfold! Take in His Light . . .	107
Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying . . .	352
Victorious men of earth, no more . . .	123
Vital spark of heavenly flame . . .	183
Waken, lords and ladies gay . . .	275
Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan . . .	74
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee . . .	14
Weep you no more, sad fountains . . .	53
Wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie . . .	239
We talked with open heart and tongue . . .	301
We watched her breathing thro' the night . . .	439
What is it all that men possess, among them- selves conversing . . .	66
When Britain first at Heaven's command . . .	188
When daffodils begin to peer . . .	44
When daisies pied and violets blue . . .	34
When God at first made man . . .	96
When icicles hang by the wall . . .	35

458 INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
When I consider how my light is spent	163
When I have borne in memory what has tamed	319
When I have fears that I may cease to be	422
When I have seen by time's fell hand defaced	25
When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes	22
When in the chronicle of wasted time	29
When I think on the happy days	253
When lovely woman stoops to folly	219
When love with unconfined wings	98
When Ruth was left half desolate	306
When that I was and a little tiny boy	42
When the lamp is shattered	414
When the sheep are in the fauld and the kye at hame	219
When thou must home to shades of underground	64
When to the sessions of sweet silent thought	23
When we two parted	361
Where shall the lover rest	276
Where the bee sucks there suck I	46
Where the remote Bermudas ride	165
Who'er she be	100
Who is Sylvia? What is she	36
Why do ye weep, sweet babes? can tears	119
Why so pale and wan, fond lover	108
Why weep ye by the tide, ladie	282
With how sad steps, O moon, thou clim'st the skies	9
With little here to do or see	337
Ye banks and braes and streams around	245
Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon	244
Ye distant spires, ye antique towers	195
Ye little birds that sit and sing	54
Ye mariners of England	259
Yes, there is holy pleasure in thine eye	339
Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more	153
You meaner beauties of the night	76

INDEX OF WRITERS

	PAGES
Anonymous, 51, 53-4, 69, 85, 87-9, 122, 253, 290-3, 295-6	295-6
Adams, Jean (<i>f.</i> 1771)	221-3
Bacon, Francis (1561-1626)	56-7
Barbault, Anna Letitia (1743-1825)	234
Barnefield, Richard (1574-1627)	47-8
Beaumont, Francis (1584-1616)	71-2
Blake, William (1757-1827)	255-9
Bréton, Nicholas (1545?-1626?)	48-50
Browne, Sir Thomas (1605-1682)	109-10
Browne, William (1591-1643)	77-8
Burns, Robert (1759-1796)	237-53
Byron, George Gordon Noel (1788-1824)	361-76
Campbell, Thomas (1777-1844)	259-70
Campion, Thomas (<i>d.</i> 1619)	60-9
Carew, Thomas (1598?-1639?)	86-7
Carey, Henry (<i>d.</i> 1743)	186-8
Cibber, Colley (1671-1757)	184-5
Coleridge, Hartley (1796-1849)	445
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor (1772-1834)	346-53
Collins, John (<i>d.</i> 1808)	271-2
Collins, William (1721-1759)	189-93
Cowley, Abraham (1618-1667)	124-6
Cowper, William (1731-1800)	224-33
Crashaw, Richard (1613?-1649)	100-3
Cunningham, Allan (1784-1842)	380-2
Darley, George (1795-1846)	443-5
Dekker, Thomas (1570?-1641?)	52-3
Devereux, Robert; Earl of Essex (1567-1601)	51
Drayton, Michael (1563-1631)	46-7
Drummond, William (1585-1649)	80-3

	PAGES
Dryden, John (1631-1700)	177-81
Dyer, Sir Edward (<i>d.</i> 1607)	11-13
Elliot, Jane (1727-1805)	223-4
Fletcher, John (1579-1625)	73-5
Ford, John (1586?-1639?)	86
Gay, John (1685-1732)	185-6
Goldsmith, Oliver (1728-1774)	219
Graham, James; Marquis of Montrose (1612-1650)	89-90
Graham, Robert; of Gartmore (<i>d.</i> 1797)	294-5
Gray, Thomas (1716-1771)	193-218
Greene, Robert (1560?-1592)	14-16
Greville, Fulke; Lord Brooke (1554-1628)	11
Herbert, George (1593-1633)	91-7
Herrick, Robert (1591-1674)	110-21
Heywood, Thomas (<i>d.</i> 1650)	54-6
Hood, Thomas (1799-1845)	438-43
Howard, Henry; Earl of Surrey (1517?-1547)	1, 2
Jones, Robert (<i>d.</i> 1616)	70
Jonson, Ben (1573?-1637)	57-60
Keats, John (1795-1821)	421-37
King, Henry (1592-1669)	72
Lamb, Charles (1775-1834)	354-7
Lamb, Mary Ann (1764-1847)	357
Lindsay, Lady Ann (1750-1825)	219-21
Lodge, Thomas (1558?-1625)	17-20
Logan, John (1748-1788)	234-36
Lovelace, Richard (1618-1658)	97-100
Lyly, John (1554?-1606)	13
Marlowe, Christopher (1564-1593)	16-7
Marvell, Andrew (1621-1678)	165-74
Milton, John (1608-1674)	128-65
Moore, Thomas (1779-1852)	377-80
Nairn, Lady Carolina (1766-1845)	253-4
Nashe, Thomas (1567-1601)	51-2
Norris, John (1657-1711)	176-7

INDEX OF WRITERS

461

	PAGES
Peele, George (1558?-1597?) . . .	14
Poe, Edgar Allan (1811-1849) . . .	445-7
Pope, Alexander (1688-1744) . . .	182-4
Prior, Matthew (1664-1721) . . .	182
Quarles, Francis (1592-1644) . . .	90
Raleigh, Sir Walter (1552?-1618) . . .	78-9
Rogers, Samuel (1763-1855) . . .	236
Scott, Sir Walter (1771-1832) . . .	272-89
Sedley, Sir Charles (1639?-1701) . . .	175
Shakespeare, William (1564-1616) . . .	21-46
Shelley, Percy Bysshe (1792-1822) . . .	383-421
Shirley, James (1596-1666) . . .	123-4
Sidney, Sir Philip (1554-1586) . . .	9-11
Smart, Christopher (1722-1771) . . .	218-19
Southey, Robert (1774-1843) . . .	357-60
Southwell, Robert (1561?-1595) . . .	20-1
Spenser, Edmund (1552?-1599) . . .	2-9
Suckling, Sir John (1609-1642) . . .	108
Thomson, James (1700-1748) . . .	188-9
Vaughan, Henry (1621-1693) . . .	103-8
Waller, Edmund (1605-1687) . . .	126-7
Webster, John (fl. 1612) . . .	70-1
Wilmot, John; Earl of Rochester (1647-1680)	175-6
Wither, George (1588-1667) . . .	84-5
Wolfe, Charles (1791-1823) . . .	382-3
Wordsworth, William (1770-1850) . . .	296-346
Wotton, Sir Henry (1568-1639) . . .	75-7

PRINTED BY
TURNBULL AND SPEARS,
EDINBURGH

